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VOL. CCLXI.

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IN MEMORIAM G. O.

(A SUSSEX PEASANT).

No more for him the morning winds
Will blow fleet shadows o'er the downs,
No more for him the sunset-red
Will deepen o'er the Western towns.

His patient hands no more may wrest
Scant profit from the barren soil,
No more his tired feet may tread
The paths that marked his daily toll.

The horse his kindly voice controlled
(By loving tendance made his own)
Will chafe beneath a stranger's touch
And wonder at a stranger's tone.

Labor is prayer and God is love,
And when he sought his daily task
Be sure that in the Eastern light
He, silent, gained what others ask.

Be sure that in the Western sun
His evening prayers were mutely said,
And when the long night came at last
Faith comforted his dying bed.

Confident as a child that turns,
When tired, on a lonely road
To nestle on his father's arm,
Feeling in love a sure abode,

So dwelled he in his Maker's care,
Resigned no longer here to roam,
And when he bade his friend farewell
Said: "Matey, I am going Home."

He loved his wife, he reared his brood,
A quiet, steadfast Englishman,
A loyal worker firm in faith,—
Better the record ye who can!

And when for us the wild down winds
Blend dully with the wistful foam,
May we no greater trouble feel
Than "Matey, I am going Home."

*A. C. Steele.**The Spectator.*AN OLD IRON CROSS WROUGHT
WITH LILIES AND A ROSE.

All who look upon this thing
See Love conquer suffering!
All who weep and all who pray
See the hard cross fade away.
—See the Dawning of the Day.
(O come and look upon this thing.)

Peace of lilies where those Hands
Stretched with healing o'er all lands.
Lilled Peace above that Head.
And where Holy Blood was shed
Haloed by the rose's red.
(Break our hearts, O tender Hands.)

This white Peace and this red Joy
Grief is powerless to destroy.
And the gold Heart of the Rose!
—Known alone of him who knows
This the Cross whereon it glows!
(Give us Peace and give us Joy.)

Long dead Artist, what Divine
Sorrow made you give this sign
Of God's Love, where we behold
Not black iron, hard and cold,
But white, red, and burning gold.

This you made and left no clue
By what name to pray for you.
You, I pray, ere long behold
White and Red, yea even Gold,
—Even the Rose's Heart of Gold.

*Althea Gyles.**The Saturday Review.*

BY THE FIRESIDE.

Alas these mortals! Every passing
year

Draws a gray veil before what once
was clear,
And hides beneath it all their hearts
held dear:

The shield of faith, the sandals winged
with hope,

The golden gifts the fairies bring at
birth;

The coat of dreams, adventure's shin-
ing helm,

The sword of youth that conquers all
the earth.

Alas for mortals! Every fleeting breath
Robs of a dream that heart laid bare
beneath,

Until there falls the sable veil of Death.
And through its dark they take a lonely
road,

And what they do thereon not one
may know.

I think they ever seek the gate of Life
And blow about the world as dead
leaves blow.

*Ethel Clifford.**The English Review.*

UNDER WHICH DEMOCRACY?*

The honeymoon of democracy is over. Such I take to be the lesson writ large in many volumes of which Mr. Henry George's *Progress and Poverty* opened the catalogue just upon thirty years ago. Carlyle, a generation earlier, had vehemently denied that the great uprising of "peoples against their tyrants" could be itself a substitute for government; and in his *Latter Day Pamphlets* (by no means obsolete if we read them as prophecies) he poured floods of scorn on popular election when employed to discover the saints and sages who were to rule mankind. A very different sort of genius, but equally sincere and much more candid—I am thinking of Stuart Mill—felt so deeply the perils to which democracy lay exposed that he spent his eventide of meditation in contriving safeguards against them, to the high displeasure of Liberals *sans phrase*. The world moved on; and we heard an American enthusiast not without insight, Walt Whitman by name, uplifting his mighty voice in condemnation of the "never-ending insolence of elected persons." Lincoln had wrapt in a halo of glory and martyrdom on the field of Gettysburg that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people," which he hoped was not to perish from the earth. But Henry George answered, three decades later, that it had as good as perished in the United States. The "people" were led to the ballot-box like sheep to the slaughter. They might be taxed without any consent, to speak of, on their part. And certainly they were robbed of their lands, mines, railways, streets, of light, air, and space in their dwellings, whether they voted seventeen times in one day or never voted

at all. "Government by the people," said Henry George, "was a corrupt and omnipotent plutocracy."

It is really tragic. "Throughout Europe and America," we are told by Mr. Graham Wallas in stating the problem which now confronts us all, "representative democracy is generally accepted as the best form of government; but those who have had most experience of its actual working are often disappointed and apprehensive. Democracy has not been extended to non-European races, and during the last few years many democratic movements have failed." A striking comment upon these hard sayings may be found in Lord Morley's proposed Indian reforms. Long a Jacobin of the finest water, Lord Morley keeps a faith unfeigned in "one man one vote." Nevertheless, he felt it his duty to teach a Mohammedan deputation the other day that it was not a principle which could be exported to India. From Calcutta he had previously been warned that representation by "classes and interests" was the only safe method; and while acquiescing in that view he laid stress on the difficulty of securing electoral bodies which would act as justice required. There must be nomination to make good the defects of election. Islam will not hold its own, say the experts, if a majority of Hindus besiege the ballot-boxes. And the British Raj itself will never haul down its flag at the bidding of universal suffrage, as Lord Morley knows.

These are truths which it is wholesome to bear in mind. For they suggest a limit to democracy. On what were its foundations laid? On reason, beyond a doubt, and the Rights of Man. Thus do we read in the American Declaration of 1776, the French of 1789. But is the Moslem or the Hindu

* "Human Nature in Politics." By Graham Wallas. London, Constable.

not a man as much as the New Englander and the Parisian? Yet Lord Morley, the Bayard of Radical philosophy, dare not say to either, "Homo es, nihil politicum a te alienum puto." His Mohammedans go back to India—minus the Rights of Man. Surely in presence of such incidents we are left thinking, some cynically, others dejectedly, but all perplexed. And we turn to Mr. Wallas for enlightenment. "Human nature in politics"—it is our very question. Democracy was, by its teachers and founders, set forth as nothing else than this; it was Mother Nature building up, ruling, and enlarging the "great city where the people stand," making them a happy folk who could neither oppress nor be oppressed. In spite of Carlyle the millions were to succeed in governing themselves. Identify the rulers with the ruled, let the subject be sovereign and *vice versa*, then all divergence of interests would cease, and the whole conflict of shearers and shorn would end in leaving his own fleece to every one. The war of classes at home, of nations abroad, would yield place to the Millennium and the Parliament of Man. I quote from *Locksley Hall* as a proof that the young England which found its echo in Tennyson had this lovely dream floating before its eyes, and took it for a vision of all the glory that should be, when suffrage was universal as the race. That was, indeed, the honeymoon of democracy, and it lasted until the happy pair, Demos and Demea, we will call them, settled down to live together. Then Demea began to be aware that Demos had a way of his own which was not always hers. The problem of finance, like the problem of milliner's bills, opened an interminable vista. Who was to pay, and what was to be paid for? The tempter known as the Anarchist, a deadly-plotting Iago, whispered in the ear of Demea that only the title of her

master had been altered, and that Demos would behave exactly as he had done of old. All governments, baptize them how you might, were venal and self-regarding; in short, a Republic was an "organized hypocrisy" as much as any Tsardom that had ever been. Demos was merely Caesar, often drunk, always bribable, canting about the people's rights while he sold them for a cup of fresh liquor. Study him, said the pitiless Iago, in Washington, New York, Buenos Aires, Paris, Rome, Poplar and West Ham, he remained true to type; invariably this Caesar-Demos exploited the people and feathered his own nest. The Parliament of Man would, therefore, in all probability, turn out to be a gang of machine-made politicians, fattening on the spoils of a world which they exhausted, and of the nations they kept under heel.

As a beautiful idea, democracy had won for itself the attachment of passionate youths who, in their thousands, wrought and died to make it a reality. Now it is entering the critical stage; it is on its trial. I have not seen a token more significant of this changed attitude than Mr. Wallas's questioning pages, at once pathetic in their disenchantment and touchingly candid. Those who are privileged to know the author close at hand, know him as the pure and perfect Fabian, who reflects on the movement of social progress no common lustre. His volume betrays the devotion he has always felt toward the disinherited, and the active part he has taken in public work on their behalf. He is that rare combination, an Oxford man steeped in the classics, and a democrat who is at home among laboring men. He has given hostages to a cause which for him is a religion; but he would feel hurt if any of his friends dwelt upon the sacrifices thus cheerfully and quietly made. A soldier of Humanity, marching under its tempest-tossed banner, he will not de-

spair in the long day's eddying fight. But with a young man's fervor he unites the veteran's wisdom. And he, too, wonders if *Demos* will not be transformed into a *Cæsar* of the old but more vulgar stamp. According to the Liberal codes of all nations, Democracy spells humanity. "But in what sense is it human?" Mr. Wallas inquires. The critical stage has begun. Science and experience will now cross-examine, not only the idea of government by elected persons, but the fact. How are they governing? How likely to govern in the near future? And why so many protests from the pioneers of reform against their tactics?

Darwin breaks in at every door nowadays, and Mr. Wallas accepts his *Origin of Species* by way of prelude to all constitutions or Acts of Parliament. Moreover, he has been taught by Professor William James that man is far more complex, more of an instinctive and less of a logically reasoning animal than the eighteenth century imagined. That century framed to itself an image of human nature which *Taine* held to be Latin-classical or Greek-scholastic, inherited by the French, but, anyhow, abstract in the highest degree, bearing no reference to history or to the facts of daily life. The Jacobin came down in right line from the Encyclopædist; he was a formula which had invented the guillotine, and which propagated the ideal by murder. The whole French Revolution moved by programme; it declared itself a dogma of reason, the only valid form of thought; hence, under the Third Republic, it banishes from French schools the religion of the majority as incompatible with its own religion of State. What is called secular education takes the place of the guillotine; instead of cutting off heads it reduces minds to one single standard, from which it is treason to vary. Mr. Wallas will not

mention *Taine*; but he has himself given up the eighteenth-century dogma. Politics, he affirms, cannot hold by an obsolete philosophy, whether in quitting it we bid a long farewell to Rousseau or to Bentham, to the doctrine of natural rights, or the false notion that men are guided simply by motives of pleasure. "Ideal democracy," like the "money-making animal" of orthodox economics, is an idol of the theatre, not founded on experience or tested by observation; it must join the other phantoms of its kind in that limbo where science has left them. "The democratic movement which produced the constitutions under which most civilized nations now live," so Mr. Wallas concludes, "was inspired by a purely intellectual conception of human nature which is every year becoming more unreal to us."

I wonder how many of the Fabians have endorsed these saving truths. That they are dimly suspected as the explanation of failures and disappointments, occurring not less frequently under popular rule than in absolute monarchies, will be apparent from the sharp criticism which Social Democrats bring to bear upon earlier forms of elected governments. Writers like Prince Kropotkin or Count Tolstoy have long since pointed out the difference between public speeches addressed to constituencies for the purpose of catching votes, and the action of men in power, by whatever name they may be exalted. To profess belief in what we know to be a lie is hypocrisy. But the "unreal" is only the term used by science to denote lying. If this rubric were applied to innumerable orations delivered in modern meetings, the effect would be very singular. And here the shadow of Machiavelli falls over the caucus, which employs one set of motives to win the electors, and quite another to keep in hand the elected. On July 4 and 14,

platitudes (or "glittering generalities," as Rufus Choate said with a smile) are served up at banquets, where all men appear to be equal, and all are well-fed. The smoke of such incense in their nostrils, our voters go home convinced that they have made the Republic. But Panama, that Charybdis of democracy, and Mr. Rockefeller's oil-cans at every station, tell another tale. The people may hug their formula, "Every one to count for one"; the politician despises formulas, and sells whatever the State owns or controls to the highest bidder. We talk of the Rights of Man; but "boodle," "graft," *pots de vin*—obscene names for shameful profits—are the rights of his representative. Is not this, also, human nature?

It was thought by Condorcet (who may stand for the unmixed type of Jacobin philosopher) that as soon as the people were emancipated they would all reason in the same way, and all aim at the public good, which was their own. In like manner, according to Adam Smith, private selfishness, "Every one to look to this one," would produce the same effect as unbounded public benevolence. And reason in the shape of rhetoric was to steer the ship of State. That no two men are exactly alike; that reason is something deeper than argument; that passion tramples on interest, and loyalty bids defiance to death; that laws of variation, heredity, culture, exist, by which the laws of our making are tried as in the fire—Condorcet, the mathematician, did not dream of these things. And his whole generation handled politics as if they were the mathematics of sentiment. Was it an amiable delusion? It was most dangerous. Napoleon, who saw the world with eyes purged of that mist, took a different view. Government, he would have said, was holding the wolf by the ears. Men are not those virtuous automata kept down by wicked institutions which Rousseau

wept over in their captivity. The Church declared them a fallen race, prone to evil from childhood. Science, if we credit the leaders whom it follows, looks on Condorcet's reason as a struggling faculty at odds with a brute nature developed through periods of greed and fear, which have left upon it marks ineffaceable. If there is one thing which man certainly is not, and never has been, it is the benevolent reasoning machine that the French atheist worshipped in his debating club. On this head Church and Science agree. Mankind have lapsed from their ideal, or never attained it. And their command of intellect is perhaps in inverse ratio to the number of individuals who associate for a given purpose, while their emotion is intensified by the crowd that shares it to enthusiasm, violence, and even insanity. The "purely intellectual conception of human nature" is frightfully unreal. But on this quicksand democratic institutions have been set up everywhere.

Great names cannot alter facts. Remark, however, the change, due in large measure to Darwin and biology, yet still more to experience of popular misrule, which is sweeping the old *a priori* democrat aside and burying his prophets in the desert sands, while the teachers whom he flouted so magnificently shine out once more as lights of life and science. Mr. Wallas, shall I say, has been converted? Certainly he has been untaught the initial falsehood which he denounces and flings from him, by Plato, Aristotle, Burke, Carlyle, Newman, Ruskin. All these had an eye upon human nature as it feels and reasons, watching it with Shakespearean insight on the widest arena. They were true inductive philosophers of the class which Bacon described, and to which he belonged, profoundly aware that no formula will exhaust the possibilities lurking in our composition. They did not first lay down a

theory and then stretch upon it the unhappy subject of their experiment, hacking and hewing till he was made to square with its demands. Never would one of these genuine observers have trusted in a mere abstract proposition about "Humanity" in general, when the question was how men were likely to behave in Athens or London. They took for their province the study, not of an imaginary man, but of Greeks, Romans, Englishmen, in all their varieties past and existing, so that as we read we are made familiar with infinite differences noted graphically for our instruction, the real characters of a nation, race, or city. Contrast Thucydides with Robespierre, and you will measure the gulf which divides a man of political genius from a murderous charlatan. But Robespierre is only the son of Rousseau clad in his *à priori* syllogisms, and proving them with an axe. The revolutionaries of our time, whether seated in Parliament or crying to get inside its doors, have not surrendered one of Robespierre's principles, though milder in their methods of enforcing them. Now comes the master in psychology, the historian, the statesman nourished on knowledge of men and cities, the priest whom experience of the human heart has enlightened, and they reject in almost identical terms the revolutionary formula. As authority seems to have passed over to science they allow it to speak in their name. But its decision was anticipated in the wisest books, and Darwin reminds us of Plato; not democracy but hierarchy is the word that Nature proclaims and the chronicles of wasted time have registered.

And here the portentous difficulty of our actual situation looms large on the horizon. Paper constitutions, taking an unreal man for their great first truth, develop out of him a voting-system which turns into a machine, by

whose deft manipulation the citizen of flesh and blood is exploited. On the plea of liberty for all, minorities are made to suffer; equality signifies that every one must obey orders sent down from officials who decide how we shall be educated and what portion of our earnings they may seize; fraternity kneads into a common mass the peoples who once gave interest to their country by peculiarities of language, dress, customs, and local usages. The "great city" burns up the population as in a roaring furnace, while centralized government stubs up village life by the roots. Our "reason of State," mad to establish on all sides a uniform existence, smooth and level to its working, becomes in the name of toleration more intolerant than the *ancien régime*, fatal to the freedom without which originality cannot but expire. The ballot begets the politician; the politician rules the machine; and the machine grinds the people to powder. Such is the condition of things, most clearly visible in France, where well-nigh one million places are in the gift of the executive, but revealed also in this England of ours by a steadily increasing burden of taxation, with corresponding growth of appointed persons living at the public cost. We may vote pretty often, but no voting has hitherto prevented an automatic (that is, machine-made) rise in charges on town and country by way of proving that we are free and equal. Caesar-Demos requires money for his benevolent schemes. He thinks that we cannot have too much government, nor he too much cash. In other days a system so remorseless, meddling with all the concerns of life, and squeezing the thrifty at its good pleasure, would have been termed a despotism; but those who get place and profit by its working tell us it is a democracy.

This mere simulacrum and caricature of that which began as the per-

fect Human Idea, built up into the City Beautiful, is doomed, for its own votaries are beginning to see through it. They recognize how little of the genuine man, either for good or evil, went to its making, and they are turning from it sad at heart, in quest of some higher, larger form that may fulfil their aspirations. Mr. Wallas boldly says—I do not cite him textually—"as we have witnessed the fall of that house which was set up on an abstract hollow type of sameness, now let us build on the difference of type in the individuals that combine to make a people and the nations that dwell East and West." Will he pardon me if I remind him of the Hegelian dialectic so curiously illustrated by his flight from a mechanical abstraction—the Jacobin man—through its very opposite, the multitude of varying persons and races, towards a unity which shall at last be real and human? To me this recoil of a candid thought upon its own convictions is most pregnant with happy issues. For he does not apostatise from the religion of democracy, though uncertain on what foundation he shall rear it again. Evolution is Nature's "election," her casting-vote in favor of one type, in condemnation of others less privileged. And democracy has compassion on the multitude born without privilege. How overcome the antithesis? Can we reconcile these contradictions? Will you, in deference to your Gospel of Pity, sacrifice the American to the Negro, inundate Australia with Japanese or even Kanakas, and select by degeneration of culture if not of physique?

I snatch one moment that I may point out—First, how two kinds of democracy lie hid in the single word—that which declares all men equal by nature, whence they should have the same opportunities; and that which, admitting them to be in fact most unequal, would favor by protective laws

the helpless and inferior. Again, it is clear that this second view discloses the problem of Christian charity in its whole magnitude. Shall society favor the slave or the freeman? Shall it give to him that bath, or take from him what his poor kinsman needs? The driving power behind that "hollow formula" of equality was compassion; "war to the castle, peace to the cottage." Had the New Testament never been preached in Western Europe, would a Revolution of 1789 have invented the language or the ideas upon which it sprang up? Was it not a distorted and sanguinary likeness to the creed which it had disowned? We shall not be misunderstood, therefore, when we note a resemblance between the task which Christians have set themselves, of carrying their message to every nation, and the burden taken up by democracy. Science asks of both how progress will not come to an end if the lower types are to be fostered at the expense of the more advanced? That strange word "the people" suddenly puts on a mystic threatening color as though foreboding the collapse of civilization. The "residuum" of our home cities, the yellow and black races of other continents, are to survive, while those whom nature has hitherto chosen commit suicide at the bidding of a perverted instinct.

Our fellow-feeling as Christians with humanitarians like Mr. Wallas—for the heart of his philosophy is kindness—ought to yield some light on a problem which at last appears to be the same, though viewed from different points of vantage, that of individual and social redemption. It is forbidden us who have received the New Testament to keep it back from men of any color on the pretence that, if converted, they will take our place in the Church. Religion never can be made a monopoly. But civilization falls as truly under the common law which makes the whole

world kin. These are first principles in the creed of progress.

Now, what power has displayed more energy in acting up to them from its Pentecostal birthday than the Christian social union? Whether in the Roman Empire or beyond Danube and Euphrates, the missionary who taught the Gospel threw open the gates of learning, with all its treasures, to every one he baptized. There never was such a thing as a closed Church, barred against the heathen. And our science, art, laws, culture, have the same universal stamp upon them, however difficult it may be to share them profitably with our poor relations. Democracy, taken in this meaning, is no mechanical system but a spirit, something far grander than ballot-box or suffrage can realize; it might well be defined as the service of man. A sullen philanthropist—Count Tolstoy in his darker moods—will cry despairingly, "Yes, let us go on sharing with the hunger-bitten, filthy, vicious, and demoralized, till we are brought low as they." But in spite of all that can be said in disparagement of the missionary, Christian Europe stands forth as his creation, and it leads the world. Politicians might have rebuked him for sacrificing the Roman to the Barbarian; history proves that his instinct had more of true judgment in it than their statecraft. And so it will be now.

Mr. Wallas declares that Christianity has failed to subdue the tyrant-passions of white men in their dealings with inferior races; but it was the men that failed, not their gospel of humanity. Should we turn round upon him and ask, "Is not democracy an impossible dream, as by your own evidence appears?" he would answer that it has not yet been given a fair trial. In both cases the idea demands and supposes an heroic effort on the part of the crowd to live up to it. And the

crowd is yet struggling for existence on a low plane of emotion, still capable only of ill-regulated passing endeavors to do the best it knows. How many years must elapse before this "common mind" has grown up to the principles of freedom and fraternity in which it now seems to acquiesce? There are Sunday talk and Monday practice where democrats abound exactly as among church-goers, and for an identical reason, viz., that the stage of development at which the crowd has arrived is a million leagues this side of the ideals preached by pioneers. The Church is always failing; governments are still in the predatory era. Machiavelli smiles at believers in religion when they propose to make of it a social force; he feels nothing but contempt for idealism in politics; and he would certainly describe enthusiasts of Mr. Wallas's fervent kind as lost leaders. Did they fancy that human nature could be changed by a formula? Now they have found out their mistake what will they do? Their democratic premisses were annihilated by Darwin's law of battle, which gives victory to the strong and devours the weak. Ought not the conclusion to follow the premisses? Can you build a government by the people on evolution?

Checks, counter-checks, civil service as the career opened to talent, experts in power, political education for the many,—our student is fertile in the like suggestions by which to make sure that the crowd shall neither do nor suffer wrong. He has great faith in science, quantitative and photographic, as at least giving us the phenomena with which Parliaments deal. I might have drawn from these pages a lively picture of the democrat as he learns his trade and unlearns his illusion. But so might he render to me in kind a portrait of the discouraged Christian who walks about the City of Destruction in search of ideals. We will not

play to the cynic, in whose eyes we seem a pair of fools. The lesson is equally good, whether justice or virtue be our aim. There is need, I say once more, of a mediating knowledge that only experience can give. Democracy is not yet established; Christianity has been thrown out of the public order, thanks to the crimes and follies of its own adherents, often in highest place. How if these two movements, so alike in their aspirations, were to join forces? The Fatherhood of God is the sole ground of hope in the future brotherhood of man. Unless there be this primal fount of pity in the nature of things (to which all voting and laws derived from ballot-boxes must conform) we have no assurance that democracy is possible. In the clash of blind energies it may be simply the manner of the universal or world-suicide which Schopenhauer foresaw—the disintegration to atoms of an ordered life run wild. But granting the faith of Christendom we may work towards it confidently. Then justice and peace will embrace on some happy day when mankind discovers, in its likeness to the Supreme, its essential oneness through all its tribes. At the present hour Christians feel that democracy is without consecration; democrats answer that the old religion sanctifies injustice. Yet these are but the Rival Brothers of the Greek tragedy. Will they unite to raise and govern the City of Man, which owns Christ for its king? Or will they fight to a finish, and on the pyre which one has kindled for the other, will that which we call civilization go up in flame? Surely a consummation not to be thought of; yet France, with its intolerant atheism,

The National Review.

and the anti-Christian spirit of Social Democrats abroad and at home, do not promise reconciliation.

But, leaving prophecy, the significance we would attach to volumes like this of *Human Nature in Politics* may be summed in a few words. They mark the end of the eighteenth century hitherto supreme as having revealed to us the true philosophy of man and of his association with his fellows. He is now perceived in a light, mysterious and even divine, where his actions take to themselves an everlasting value. He must be regarded as the son of eternity. No doctrine of pleasure and pain will exhaust his demands; no forward movement will content him which does not march on to the spiritual city of Sarras, where the Vision of God is to be fulfilled. Democracy must be transformed to a religion of the Infinite, or it will pass like any other worn-out symbol. Those who fear the return of the Bourbons—I speak in a figure—need not be alarmed. The Bourbons never return, and their shadows flee away when the morning breaks. But we may well fear the lapse of ideals into that original sin by which “noblest things have vilest using” and at length “lose the name of action.” The democracy which would found itself on universal justice, in a communion of services rendered to the weak by the strong, is Christian by nature, and never can disguise its pedigree. Whether vote by ballot and the rule of elected persons will make it a fact we have still to see. The touchstone is experience. But, if not in one form then in another, the people must become a Church, or they will not establish their New Republic.

William Barry.

THE WORKS OF ANTHONY TROLLOPE.*

Little more than a quarter of a century has elapsed since one of the most prolific, as he was certainly the most methodical (some might even say mechanical) novelist of the Victorian age finally laid down his pen. Anthony Trollope, in his own words, lived so long and so intimately with his characters, he put so much of himself into all his writings, that he always believed in their vitality. On the whole his anticipations have been justified by the result. The twenty-sixth year after his death had not expired before two popular reprints of his best-known stories began to issue from the press—those published respectively by Mr. John Lane and Messrs. Bell. Before this his two latest and least-known fictions, "The Way We Live Now," and "He Knew He Was Right" had been reproduced by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. And now follows an illustrated edition of the Barsestshire series by Messrs. Routledge. It would therefore seem that there still exists a real and more or less general demand for Trollope's works among the classes of readers which have sprung up since he wrote. Whether he will share the immortality of his great contemporaries, Dickens and Thackeray, time must show. It is enough here to observe that the recent cheap issues of his books are evidence of his continued popularity and fame.

The bibliography of Trollope is a little confusing, because some of his novels, especially the later ones, first appeared irregularly in magazines or in

monthly parts, and because there were sometimes long intervals between their serial publication and their eventual production in book form. It would occasionally happen that works commissioned by one publisher were, through some difference with an editor, actually published by another house. Thus the last installment of Mr. Lane's neatly-executed reprints, "Rachel Ray," was originally written for "Good Words." The editor, Norman Macleod, on reading the manuscript, thought it too uncomplimentary to the Evangelicals; and other arrangements had to be made. This was not the only case in which it might have been said of Trollope, "habent sua fata libelli." Another novel of the late sixties, "The Vicar of Bullhampton," had been written for "Once a Week," a magazine then belonging to Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. The opening portion was to have appeared in July 1869. About the end of March the proprietors made an appeal particularly vexatious to a man of Trollope's temperament; they asked him to let them postpone its publication. They had, in fact, bought the right of translating and producing Victor Hugo's novel, "L'Homme qui rit," and had counted on running it through their periodical before Trollope's novel was due. As things fell out, by some delay on Hugo's part, or confusion on that of his publishers, the French novel would have had to appear in the magazine at the same time as the "Vicar of Bullhampton." The editor of "Once a Week" hoped Trollope

* 1. "The Barsestshire Novels—The Warden" (1855), "Barchester Towers" (1857), "Dr. Thorne" (1858), "Framley Parsonage" (1861), "The Small House at Allington" (1864), "The Last Chronicle of Barset" (1867);—"The Macdermots of Ballycloran" (1847), "The Kellys and the O'Kellys" (1848), "The Bertrams" (1869), "Orley Farm" (1862), "Can You Forgive Her?" (1864); and other works.

2. "The Barsestshire Novels." New edition Eight vols. London: Bell, 1906.

3. "The Golden Lion of Granpère" (1872),

"The American Senator" (1877), "Marion Fay" (1882), "The Land-Leaguers" (1883); and other works. New editions. London: Chatto and Windus, 1885-99.

4. "The Barsestshire Novels," and other stories. New editions. London: John Lane, 1901-7.

5. "The Barsestshire Novels." Illustrated edition (in progress). London: Routledge, 1906.

6. "An Autobiography." By Anthony Trollope. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood, 1883.

would allow his fiction to be transferred to the "Gentleman's Magazine." The English novelist, not unintelligibly, refused; the delay of the French author's work proved to be out of the question. "The Vicar of Bullhampton," therefore, was first produced in monthly parts, and afterwards, by the same publishers, in two volumes. Other details of a like character concerning Trollope's still later works will be more conveniently noticed hereafter.

Meanwhile, we have something to say of the personal conditions under which this indefatigable producer of so much readable matter came to be a writer of books at all, as well as of the slow and laborious process by which at length he permanently secured the public ear. "My Irish apprenticeship as a post-office surveyor's clerk showed me, at the age of twenty-six, two things—first, that I could sit a horse across country; secondly, that I had it in me to write a novel." So, in his later years, Anthony Trollope was fond of telling his friends. The remark is a true piece of autobiography, and indicates in a single sentence the two pursuits which gave him most enjoyment throughout his long and active life. Benjamin Disraeli, adapting, perhaps unconsciously, a sentiment of Charles Fox, used to describe himself as a very painstaking man who, though he tried many things, and often failed at first, frequently succeeded in the end. Trollope's performances in the saddle were preceded by scarcely fewer failures than his achievements with the pen.

At no time, however, did he touch anything without turning it into capital of some sort or other. If he were not always a literary artist, he was from the first a born and an unflinching manufacturer of "copy." No experience, however slight or ancient, no hint supplied by conversation or by the incidents of daily life, was ever lost.

Sooner or later everything that had happened to him, everything he had heard or seen, was reproduced in readable form by the literary machine into which he had converted himself. "Stout old Anthony" he was called when his elder brother, Thomas Adolphus Trollope—not to mention his house and form masters—was bullying him at Winchester. This stoutness and sturdiness enabled him afterwards, as a Harrow day-boy, to take his floggings and kickings, as Thackeray has said is the British schoolboy's manner, "sullenly and in silence." It was the same after he exchanged a miserable existence at the "school on the Hill" for a petty clerkship at the General Post-office. From that position, reached in 1834, according to his own account, dismissal for incapacity was only prevented by a transfer to a local post-office in Galway. That change made him at once a man, a sportsman, and a novelist.

The scene of his first work of fiction, "The Macdermots of Ballycloran" (1847), was laid in Galway, which he had then got to know as well as he knew afterwards every corner in the Essex that was his home, or in the Wiltshire where he found Barset, its cathedral, its canons and its bishop. The Irish novels coming subsequently from his pen, "The Kellys and the O'Kellys," and "Castle Richmond," had little about them distinctively Irish. But his earliest attempt in fiction of any sort, "The Macdermots of Ballycloran," is from beginning to end racy of the soil. It is more than that; it is at once a genuinely Irish story, and contains in the heroine an allegorical personification of Ireland herself.

About the time when Trollope gave himself to this task, his contemporary in letters, afterwards his closest friend in private life, Charles Lever, was illustrating, from a different point of view, the lighter characteristics of his

countrymen in the first of his novels, "Harry Lorrequer." Whatever serious moral may be drawn from Lever's Irish romances, they go to prove that in war, as he showed afterwards to be the case in diplomacy, if not in other undertakings, Irishmen seldom fail to do well out of their own country. The same conclusion, at a much later date, was indicated by the historian Froude in his romance, "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy" (1889). Anthony Trollope equally lacked Froude's Hibernian pessimism and Lever's animal spirits. His early failures and rebuffs, following a joyless boyhood, left their abiding mark upon him in a tendency to pensive depression. The episode of the girl whom he designed for a symbol of her nationality, her English lover, and the tragedy in which the whole incident ends, were the congenial product of a melancholy mood; they are wanting in neither force nor pathos. Trollope's post-office work in Galway brought him into close touch with every variety of the national life; and it revealed to him the mutual incompatibility between Irish character and English administration. For Feemy's English lover, Govery, personifies the contrast between the unsympathetic rigidity of Anglo-Saxon officialism and the spasmodic aspirations and incalculable impulsiveness of the Celt.

Other writers, apart from Froude in "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy," have reflected a nation's problems or temper in the efforts or embarrassments of an individual. Six years after the publication of "The Macdermots," Bulwer Lytton, in the successful ventures of Pisistratus Caxton at the antipodes and his retrieval of the family fortunes under the Southern Cross, delineated (1850) Great Britain's self-compensation for her American losses by the establishment of her Australasian dominion. Somewhat similar lines were followed by a writer of greater fame than

either of those just mentioned. Disraeli's early political novels are too well known to need mention here. In his penultimate romance (1870) he designed Lothair as a type of the English people, beset on the one hand by the snares of the red republic and the secret societies, and on the other by the fascinations of the Papal Church. The "Coningsby" series of romances had been preceded by Plumer Ward's purely political stories, "Tremaine" (1825), "De Vere" (1827), and "De Clifford" (1841); but the fact of his having been a scarcely disguised hero of these stories did not prevent Canning from saying that Ward's law-books were as pleasant as novels, and his novels as dull as law-books. Politics appeared in Bulwer Lytton's early romances of fashionable life; there, however, they were only introduced incidentally, as illustrating the pastimes and interests proper to men of quality and fashion. Whitty's "Friends of Bohemia" (1857) was a much later attempt in this walk of letters; "Beauchamp's Career," by Mr. George Meredith (1875), saw the light some time subsequently to Trollope's "Phineas Finn" (1869). Anthony Trollope, it will thus be seen, as an allegorical novelist of national interest, was sailing in good company. In point of time he coincided almost exactly with his friend Lever, who had been arranging his materials for "Charles O'Malley" while Trollope was steeping his mind and his pen in the local color reflected by the difficulties and disasters which marked the earliest attempts to rule Ireland according to English ideas. The Macdermot family—the helpless and drink-sodden father, the son Thady, pining for want of a career, his tall, well-grown sister Feemy herself, and the entrance on this little group of the English excise-man, Govery—show how thoroughly Trollope had assimilated the peasant life around him. Nevertheless, Trol-

lope's Irish works had little success, perhaps because Charles Lever's "hits," beginning with "Harry Lorrequer" and continued with "Charles O'Malley" and its successors, had given him a monopoly of Irish fiction.

All this time, however, Trollope was educating himself into a successful novelist as well as a first-rate official. Upon the slight foundation of his precarious school studies he was also building up a serviceable knowledge of the Greek and, in a less degree, the Latin classics. By the time he had firmly established himself as a popular author, he had acquired a very respectable amount of varied learning. Practically, however, his greatest work was to arrange, for use in future fictions, the vicissitudes of his earliest life at home or in London. The details of David Copperfield's drudgery in the warehouse where his stepfather placed him are not more exact transcripts from the childhood of Charles Dickens, than the tavern life and the small money-lending passages in "The Three Clerks" are Trollope's childish autobiography. His sense of the fitness of things had been scandalized by the prospect of applying competitive promotion to the civil service. "The Three Clerks" was the result.

But these experiences were not to be turned to literary account till Trollope had won a secure place among the novelists of the day by "The Warden." That story, as realistic as the rest of his novels, was inspired by a correspondence in the "Times," discussing the right of a clergyman to profit personally by an increase in the value of a trust fund he administered. After an empty bout of controversy the newspaper discussion ended. With Trollope it served to open, in "The Warden," the series of "Barchester" novels. These tales constitute Trollope's claim to be considered a chronicler of clerical life; but, strange to say, with the benefited

or unbenefited divines, with the ecclesiastical dignitaries of all grades who people his stories, Trollope had no close personal acquaintance. At Harrow, as at Winchester, he had seen clergymen in their caps and gowns; later he had chatted with bishops, deans, and archdeacons in country-houses and London clubs. But his associations at no time of his life supplied him with any more reason for arraying his personages in cassocks and gaiters than in military uniforms. He had seen nothing of the ecclesiastical realities from which his contemporary, Miss Sewell, had drawn the character of "Amy Herbert"; he knew even less about churchmen and churchwomen than did George Eliot when she wrote her "Scenes of Clerical Life."

After his success with "The Warden," it had been his first intention to drop novel-writing for a time and to produce a complete history of English fiction; the preparatory studies for this had suggested to him the place he might aspire to fill as a novelist. To him Henry Fielding seemed the founder of the English novel. From Fielding was lineally descended so different a literary artist as Jane Austen. Next in succession, by the side of Thackeray, Trollope thought there might be a place for himself. From Fielding he had learned to heighten his narrative effects by dramatic situations which, coming at the end of a chapter or an episode, piqued the reader's curiosity in the sequel. But of Fielding's real successor, Thackeray, Trollope lacked the creative power, the feeling and the fancy. The author of "Vanity Fair," therefore, was justly regarded by the author of "The Warden" rather as his master than his brother in art.

It was John Forster who had given Trollope his first literary commission, in the shape of some articles on Ireland. The editorial suggestions for, and revisions of, these compositions

formed the future novelist's earliest instructions in the professional use of his pen. Forster, moreover, introduced his pupil into literary and political circles which, but for these good offices, he might not at that particular time have entered. Long before he joined the Athenæum Club, Trollope had been gratified by becoming, as he remained throughout his life, a most popular member of the Garrick. His social studies were thus no longer restricted by horizons so narrow as those which had circumscribed his observations when he wrote "The Macdermots." His post-office journeys, and the hospitalities that marked them at each successive stage, familiarized him with characteristic personages belonging to every class throughout the south-west of England.

In the town of Barchester there is no point of identification with Winchester. Here and there we may detect a trace of Salisbury; but for the most part it is the general idea of a cathedral town, and not of any particular city, that formed the true original. While busy on the "Barchester" series, his methods as a novelist were finally fixed. His way is to connect the different parts of a story by a thread of unity pervading the whole, found in the constant presence and progressive development of a single character. In respect of plot, "Orley Farm" is probably his best novel. Even here there occurs no episode that is not subordinated to the character of the heroine, or designed to illustrate the temptations that beset her.

Such are the general principles of construction on which the novels of Trollope are put together. As complete works, these stories call for some examination from two points of view. First, they may be regarded as narrative comedies of nineteenth-century life and manners; secondly, they form a gallery of more or less ecclesiastical

portraits. In the latter of these aspects they are entirely without the historical value of Fielding's amiably evangelical Parson Adams, and in a less attractive direction Parson Trulliber. These are delineations which really helped both Macaulay and Lecky to describe accurately, as well as vividly, the nation's spiritual state in the early Georgian era. To go back from Fielding to Congreve and Cibber, Parson Barnabas had long secured a place, with Sir Wilful Witwoud and Sir Francis Wronghead, Squire Western's lineal ancestor, among the impersonations of those later influences which have acquainted whole generations both of readers and writers with Church and State types sixty years after the Revolution. In later days George Eliot's Mr. Irwine, in his refined vicarage with his handsome high-bred mother, is a life-like reflection of the better sort of early nineteenth-century vicar.

These are examples which, at however great a distance, Trollope does not even attempt to follow. His clergymen have seldom anything distinctively clerical about them; they are merely personifications of everyday characters in white "chokers" and black coats. Bishop Proudle and his more famous wife, and their chaplain, Mr. Slope, are caricatures. The conjugal wrangles of Barchester Palace might, *mutatis mutandis*, have formed an installment of the "Naggletons" which once amused the readers of "Punch." Accidentally the lady of the diocese, Mrs. Proudle is the common scold of ordinary domestic life. She is merely the officious, domineering intermeddler in petticoats, who makes the life of her husband a burden, be he spiritual peer, civil servant, or man of letters. The chaplain, Mr. Slope, is expressive of nothing more than Trollope's loathing for religious cant, and especially for the cant of Evangelicalism.

In the novels now referred to, particularly in "Barchester Towers" itself, quite the best thing is the humor enlivening the quasi-clerical descriptions. Take, for instance, Mrs. Proudie's reception.

"Bishop of Barchester, I presume," said Bertie Stanhope, putting out his hand frankly. "I am delighted to make your acquaintance. We are in rather close quarters, aren't we?"

"You've not been here very long?" went on Bertie. "You weren't a bishop before, were you?"

Dr. Proudie explained that this was the first diocese he had held.

"I thought so," said Bertie; "but you're changed about sometimes, ain't you?"

"Translations are sometimes made," said Dr. Proudie, "but not so frequently as in former days."

"They've cut 'em all down to pretty nearly the same figure, haven't they?" said Bertie; "but the work, I suppose, is different, and perhaps difficult."

"The work of a bishop of the Church of England," said Dr. Proudie, with considerable dignity, "is not easy. His responsibility is very great indeed."

"Well," said Bertie, "I never was afraid of responsibility. I once had thoughts to be a bishop myself."

"Had thoughts of being a bishop?" said Dr. Proudie, much amazed.

"That is, a parson first, you know, and a bishop afterwards. If I had once begun I'd have stuck to it."

The whole "Barchester" group, not from an ecclesiastical point of view but as a social study, has, for humor, been paralleled by Trollope only in "The Bertrams" and "Orley Farm." The most original and perhaps the drollest figure in the "Barchester" comedy is the *signora*, the fascinating cripple who, wheeled about in episcopal drawing-rooms, by the picturesqueness of her impotence, the charm of her grimaces, and the artistic glances of her beautiful eyes, brings simultaneously to her feet fat rectors, the unhappy Mr. Slope, and the bishop himself.

The two other Trollope novels whose chief excellence is their humor are "The Bertrams" and "Can You Forgive Her?" "The Bertrams," published some five years after Lever's "Sir Brook Fossebrooke," as regards personages, plot, local color, and general atmosphere, is the most Thackerayan as well as, after certain passages of "Barchester Towers," the most humorous fiction from its author's pen. The veteran diplomatist, Sir Lionel, father of the hero, breaks with his son over the latter's objection to go on indefinitely lending him five-pound notes, and is never long in the company of a chance acquaintance without negotiating a loan for himself. "Can You Forgive Her?" first appeared in monthly parts during 1863-4. There is much to laugh over in the competitive courtship of the widow Greenway by her two admirers, the Captain and Mr. Cheeseacre, the East-Anglian farmer. The more serious interest of the story deals with the problem of jilting, justifiable or unjustifiable, with which Trollope was fond of playing, and which he had already propounded in "The Small House at Allington."

The best thing in these life-like stories of nineteenth century life is their dialogue. This Trollope had the satisfaction of seeing taken by T. W. Robertson as the conversational model for the series of domestic dramas which opened, in 1865, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, with "Society," and afterwards included "Caste" and "School." As minutely exact photographs of English country life in the Victorian age, Trollope's novels are to literature what the plays of Robertson and the other "cup-and-saucer" dramatists are to the stage.

At the manor-house or the rectory there is presented to the life the mixture of Christian virtue with Christian cant. Equally true, also, is the analysis of the county system and of the vil-

lage economy: the clergyman, like Mark Roberts in "Framley Parsonage," the school and college contemporary and, but for the title, the social equal of his squire, Lord Lufton—the two between them the local embodiments of the principles of Church and State. Near these, in the foreground, is the bustling consequential agent of the estate, who acts as an officious buffer between his noble employer and the more important of the minor personages of the neighborhood, the real manager of the invitations to Gatherum Castle, who intimidates the socially ambitious among the smaller clergy and gentry by making them understand that his chief, the local Marquis of Carabas, whatever the exact title, receives no guests without credentials countersigned by himself. On this particular subject Trollope is less trustworthy than in his general pictures of country life, clerical or lay, and especially the latter. This life was portrayed by Trollope, not with Disraeli's lightness of touch or illumination of epigram, but with enough of practically trained observation and of discriminating insight into the moral issues beneath the surface, to invest the literary result with as much historical serviceableness as may be claimed for Fielding or Jane Austen.

Throughout this period of his work, Trollope's literary portraits were helped and heightened by the artistic skill of the friend with whom he was so long associated. J. E. Millais was perhaps the closest social intimate he ever possessed. The two men watched the human scene in all its *nuances*, and in its constantly shifting colors, from the same point of view. They both agreed that a pure, well-grown, good-looking English girl, and a well-knit, well-nurtured Englishman, were perhaps the two finest of God's creatures. Nearly all the products of Trollope's essentially English pen during the six-

ties were illustrated by Millais' equally English pencil. Of all the maids or matrons who pass across Trollope's pages, Lily Dale was his favorite. This young lady, like so many others, owed at least as much of her individuality and charm to the great artist's pictures in the "Cornhill Magazine," as to her literary creator himself.

"The Three Clerks" is not the only work produced during the middle period of Trollope's career which has a touch of autobiographical interest. Anthony Trollope's boyhood had been darkened by the failure of his father's attempts at farming and land speculation. The various men of business figuring in "Orley Farm" are reminiscences of the professional visitors whom the future novelist often saw beneath the paternal roof, discussing with his parents the possibilities of extrication from money troubles.

Both in "Orley Farm" and "The Three Clerks" there may also be seen premonitions of a change in subject-matter which, already perhaps for some time contemplated, was not fully carried into effect till some years later. Among his brethren of the pen, his chosen companion and confidant was Charles Lever. The two had first met during Trollope's apprenticeship to post-office work in Connaught, while the future author of "Charles O'Malley" was going his rounds as the local doctor. Down to 1852, the jovial and boisterous idiosyncrasies of sportsmen, peasants, and priests in the Galway wilds had been as much the staple of Lever's literary business as English country life had been that of Trollope's handiwork. At the date just mentioned, Lever effected a complete transformation in his scenery and characters. His pen was never more active than after his appointment as vice-consul at Spezzia. But the materials on which he worked were now touched by him for the first time. "The Dodd

Family Abroad" marked the taking of the fresh departure. At first Trollope, whose opinion he asked, was inclined to doubt the wisdom of the step. Then came "Davenport Dunn," "One of Them," "A Day's Ride, a Life's Romance," crowned by "Sir Brook Fossebrooke," "That Boy of Norcott's," the O'Dowd essays in Blackwood, and the sparkling descriptions of embassies and *attachés* grouped round "Bob Considine at Belgrade." The success of his friend's experiment may have had something to do with Trollope's decision to open a new field of work. The atmosphere of the already mentioned "Vicar of Bullhampton" (1868) is very different from the unsophisticated environment of Lucy Robarts and her lover Lord Lufton.

About the same time Trollope returned to a task which he had already outlined for himself, and even begun to execute, some years earlier. In 1867, the genial and handsome presence of one often met by him in literary and artistic circles, Colonel King-Harman, who, after some toyings with nationalism, eventually found a resting-place on the Conservative front bench, appears to have suggested to him the career of an Irish member at St. Stephen's as a theme for a new novel. "St. Paul's Magazine" had lately been started by him; he now began in it "Phineas Finn," republished in two volumes by Messrs. Virtue in 1869. The London club, the country-house of every possible kind, the great variety of hunting quarters where he stayed, a little electioneering in the constituencies, to which he had turned his attention, as well as chance meetings at the Athenæum or at the Cosmopolitan Club, where he had always been an *habitué*, had familiarized Trollope, at least superficially, with political life. Nevertheless, it must be allowed that, beyond an ordinary English gentleman's interest in political affairs and

personages, he had no special qualifications for treating of politics in imaginative literature; while Disraeli's commanding successes, ending with "Lothair" (1870), placed all who might attempt to follow him in this line at a great disadvantage.

The Irish member of Parliament whose career Trollope pursued through a rather prolix narrative in two parts, making up altogether three or four volumes, is an interesting and life-like figure. Phineas Finn's delineator was saved by his experiences as a civil servant, and by his knowledge as a man of the world, from the mistakes into which those who, without these advantages, handle politics in fiction are generally betrayed. On the whole, however, Trollope's political novels invite the same kind of criticism that is applicable to his so-called clerical stories. Here and there, in Mr. Daubeny or Mr. Monk, a touch shows us that the novelist is reflecting a trait belonging respectively to Mr. Gladstone or to his great opponent; while the interiors and the officials of Whitehall are described with the same fidelity as the country drawing-rooms or the parties round the ducal billiard table in "The Small House at Allington." But the genius of parliamentary and official life, as it existed subsequently to the establishment of household franchise, is not caught with the same easy mastery, or depicted in the same rapid and brilliant manner, as were displayed by Lord Beaconsfield in his treatment of an earlier régime.

The social scenes of Trollope's political comedy are, nevertheless, in parts as good as anything that he ever did. Lord Chiltern is at least as good a portrait as was Disraeli's St. Aldegonde of the statesman who, known to Trollope as Lord Hartington, survived till last year as the Duke of Devonshire. The duel on the Flemish sands may be an absurdity, but, supposing it to have

been possible, is really well managed; the Northamptonshire and Essex hunting pictures, especially the run in which Phineas distinguished himself by riding "Bone-breaker," are worthy of Whyte Melville. The love-making between the hero and the Irish country girl in his native village is better done and much more agreeable reading than the amorous passages between Finn, M.P., and Lady Laura Standish, both before and after she had become the wife of Mr. Kennedy. The society woman, unmarried or married, with a taste for playing the political Egeria, has never been unknown; and is perhaps with us still. What offends the educated taste, and is scarcely true to feminine nature on the levels along which Trollope carried us, is that one intended as maid or matron to be a *rusée* woman of the world should give herself away so gratuitously, and in doing so, should not see that, while compromising herself, she does the one thing calculated to forfeit the love of the man whom she desires to retain.

The truth is that Trollope, throughout the whole Laura Standish and Phineas Finn incident, had allowed himself to be attracted by a theme less suited to his mind and to his mode of treatment than the love-making complications of his earlier books. "Can You Forgive Her?" is a question propounded *à propos* not only of Kate Vavasor in relation to John Gray; it applies equally to Mrs. Greenway. A young lady entertains suspicions or allows others to agitate her mind with doubts, as to whether, after all, her love to her betrothed is deep and real enough to bear the strains and shocks of wedded life, or whether the breaking off an engagement now may not be a less evil than the disenchantment and the wedded unhappiness which she suspects will be their lot if she goes to the altar with one to whom she has ill-advisedly plighted her troth. Self-

questionings of this kind had an undying attraction for Trollope, who thus made himself the most prolific master of the casuistry of jilting known to English fiction. The social environment devised by him for the male and female actors in these awkward situations is sketched with the ease and thoroughness of a writer from whom the upper middle-class life of his country had no secrets. The fickle fair or the potentially perfidious swain may irritate the reader by gratuitous displays of petty obstinacy, or by the unnecessary torture of a morbid introspection, carried on through many chapters; but, if the ethics of engagement-making and engagement-breaking on the part of commonplace English men and English women are worth a formal study, Anthony Trollope's best-known novels overflow with the materials for a philosophy of the whole subject.

It might have been better for his fame—it would certainly have been more gratifying to some among the most appreciative of his readers—if, in proposing his "hard cases," he had limited them to the stage of courtship. His treatment of postnuptial complications and flirtations is frequently unpleasant, and sometimes not altogether true to nature. In real life a woman of Lady Laura Standish's position and experience might be made uncomfortable by the late discovery of mutual incompatibility between herself and Mr. Kennedy, and of a feeling, approaching to a passion, for Phineas Finn. But the self-control and capacity for self-preservation that would long since have acquired the force of social instincts would have kept her out of such compromising situations as those in which she finds herself. These situations were necessary to the evolution of the novelist's plot, but really answer no end except to precipitate a quarrel with her husband, and

eventually to alienate the admiration and respect of her lover.

The truth is that the risky ground trodden by the author in the story of Phineas Finn, and in some of the novels which followed it, had no natural attraction for Trollope. A new generation, he thought, required something more piquant than the sweet simplicity and sunny innocence of the "Small House at Allington," or of "Framley Parsonage." The new line thus struck out by Trollope was carried yet further in "He Knew He was Right," which originally appeared in weekly numbers, and a little later in two volumes. Both this book and "The Way We Live Now" were written by Trollope to redeem himself from the reproach of literary old-fogeydom, and to show that, not less than the younger school of novelists, he had observed, and could describe, the growing wickedness and smartness of the later nineteenth century. The professional lady-killer, the elderly Anglo-Indian buck who destroys the happiness of two young married lives, had first, perhaps, become common during Trollope's own time. In "He Knew He was Right" there is much that is painful and little that is artistic. Nor is the atmosphere of the fiction rendered less oppressive by the comic detective, rather vulgar than amusing, whom the jealous husband Trevelyan sets to watch his wife. In "The Way We Live Now" Trollope has a subject less painfully repulsive. The one thing really noticeable about this book is that, published nearly a generation before the "Liberator" frauds, its central villain looks to-day like a foreshadowing of Whittaker Wright.

Among men of letters who, belonging to an older generation than Trollope, lived into his time, and regularly read his works, the most appreciative was Walter Savage Landor. In personal temperament and manner the two men had much in common. Seen

indeed in some of his moods, the author of "Barchester Towers" might have sat for Boythorn's portrait in "Bleak House" quite as well as the writer of the "Imaginary Dialogues." As the two men both talked, so also they wrote. Trollope's conversation at table sounded like an extract from the dialogue of his stories; in the spoken as in the written words there were the same impetuosity, the same driving home of truths or prejudices, the same contempt of qualifying words, and the same emphasis. Neither as writer nor as conversationalist did he ever show himself open to conviction; his personal prejudices, often involving a paradox, had with him, as he thought they ought to have with others, the force of absolute and demonstrable truths. The enlivening influence of his talk came from his passion for contradiction. Of that tendency no better instance can be given than by an old post-office anecdote about him, hitherto (we believe) unpublished. He was taking part in an official conference with some of his colleagues at St. Martin's-le-Grand; the meeting was long, the day was warm. Trollope fell sound asleep; presently, awaking with a start, he exclaimed, "I entirely disagree with every one of you; what is it you said?" "Banging about the world" was the characteristic phrase in which his acquaintance, J. A. Froude, described the course of one who, in mind and temper presented a complete contrast to himself.

Traits of this kind did not always endear him to his acquaintances. Yet, choleric, opinionated, passionate, and even cantankerous as Anthony Trollope often was, he elicited real affection from widely different persons. He was remarkable, not only for his sense of honor, but for a deep-hearted friendship and generosity. There were few among his contemporaries who could not narrate, from their own experience,

some particular act of kindness performed to them or others. A distinguished man of letters, a ripe scholar, and a wise critic, who never acquired the public ear, died in embarrassed circumstances. His chief, if not his only asset was his library; this, though sufficient for working purposes, would have fetched the merest trifle in the open market. Trollope, though not without his own business troubles at the time, told the executors to abstain from putting up the books for sale till they heard from him. He was then living in Montagu Square; his own shelves were already full to overflowing. One day he espied in the room where he and his select friends sat after dinner a recess partially concealed by a curtain. It seemed exactly designed to hold the library of his departed friend. He at once put his own estimate on these volumes, considerably in excess of their market value, and sent a cheque for the amount to the widow, with the assurance that the books were just what he wanted as an addition to his own store.

As a writer, Trollope had one great and happy gift. No one of his contemporaries was more unremittently industrious. Had he not been able to work wherever he might be, his output could never have been what it actually was. "It is dogged that does it." These words, placed by him in the mouth of a minor personage in "Orley Farm," were exactly applicable to Trollope himself. Going on a journey with a junior from St. Martins-le-Grand on post-office business, he had scarcely settled himself in the railway carriage when he said abruptly to his companion: "Do you ever sleep when travelling?" The other meekly stammered out a negative answer. "I always do," was the immediate rejoinder, and, suiting the action to the word, the novelist produced from his pocket a comfortable cap, put his legs on the

seat, and in a few seconds was snoring. On awakening after an hour's doze, he was ready with another question. "Do you ever write when you're travelling? I always do." In a twinkling a strong blotting-pad was unbuckled from the roll of rugs; the novelist's pencil began to be busy, nor ceased for a moment till Peterborough station had been reached, and the best part of a chapter had been added to "Can You Forgive Her?"

Charles Dickens is known to have hastened his end by the nervous exhaustion which his last reading tour in the United States involved. Anthony Trollope might have escaped the stroke which preceded his last short illness had he combined his South African and Australian voyages with intellectual or even physical repose. The steamer, however, had no sooner got under way than he either disappeared into his cabin, or else, settling himself in a secluded corner on deck, produced writing materials, and outlined a scheme for the volume in which, before taking his ticket, he had arranged with a publisher to record the impressions of his tour.

Occasional spells of holiday he did, indeed, allow himself. Thus, when Charles Lever, then consul at Spezzia, on his frequent absences in England, was Trollope's guest at Waltham Abbey, not a line would be written for perhaps two or three weeks together. He had chosen Essex for his country home because its nearness to London secured him many a good day's hunting, without interrupting his post-office work; and, after he had resigned Government service, he led for some little time the life of a literary sportsman in the eastern counties. When Lever appeared beneath his roof, Trollope scattered all ideas of industry to the winds; many hours were daily given by the two friends to the well-filled and beautifully-managed stables; and there was

no talking of "shop." During his later years Trollope became as familiar a figure as the poet Browning at the country-house parties of Hampshire and Sussex; on these occasions he seldom took up a pen, even to write a letter. When on his way back to Montagu Square, he made the day of his return one of almost ostentatious idleness; his saddle-horse met him at Paddington station, the luggage was sent on; in a few minutes Trollope himself formed one of the "liver brigade" in Hyde Park, and rode about till the hour when he knew he would find afternoon whist going on at the Garrick.

With these exceptions the mill-round of daily labor went on incessantly, year in and year out. It has been recently asserted that the novelist, like John Stuart Mill and Edmund Yates, after the official duties of the day, gave up his evenings to literary work. In London, Trollope never wrote at night, seldom, indeed, after the hour of noon. His regular plan was to enter his study in Montagu Square before the early milkman was afoot, between four and five A.M. As little as Samuel Johnson did he believe in waiting for inspiration; like Johnson he held that a man who could write at all could write at any time, if only he set himself to do it. On the other hand, no other novelist perhaps ever so fully preoccupied himself with his own characters. They were with him when he woke, and did not leave him while he was dressing; with them he was often mentally engaged in converse even during his chats with his visible fellow-creatures. As a consequence, Trollope experienced no difficulty in resuming the actual writing of a story at the point where he had left it.

Till he reached middle age, everything he published had been prepared for the press by his own pen. He had heard from a successful novelist who

had been with him at the Post-office of the physical relief to be secured by employing an amanuensis; he had heard Mr. Frederic Harrison describe dictation as clarifying thought. His Winchester contemporary, who died Lord Sherbrooke, had, he knew, written many of his "Times" leaders by the hand of his wife or of his wife's maid. When, therefore, Trollope's niece, who happened to be on a visit to Montagu Square, said she was fond of early rising, and suggested that her pen might save her uncle trouble by committing his thoughts to paper, he determined to make the experiment. It was begun a little before sunrise on a cold spring morning. A hard-boiled egg, with some slices of bread and butter, formed Trollope's repast before buckling-to on his matutinal labor. This was now shared by the young lady. The novelist was delighted by the unexpected lightening of his toil which he experienced. Talking over the performance to a friend at the Garrick later in the day, he said, "We both of us warmed to the work so soon, and really got so excited over it that, before we once cared to pause, we found we had finished two chapters. Not for many years had I ridden round the Park with so small a sense of weariness, and so great a feeling of satisfaction, as I did a few hours afterwards, when we closed work for the day."

From first to last Trollope's literary success was the deserved triumph of will-power. "It is in me," said George Canning, after the failure of his maiden speech, "and it shall come out." A like decision was mentally registered by the author of the "Barchester" novels, when his earliest ventures fell practically still-born from the press. Notwithstanding a manner rather blustering, and a congenital impatience or irritability at delay, Trollope always possessed the capacity of waiting as well

as of working. Whatever his peculiarities of manner or vehemence of conversational expression, he never really mistook fussiness for energy, or mere restlessness for zeal. He was conscious of having carried away from two public schools little of real knowledge, classical or modern, and less of intellectual discipline; he devoted quite as much effort to continuing his school studies by himself, and acquiring habits of correct observation in early life, as he did to the business of earning his daily bread in inferior post-office situations. More than this, when the post-office authorities discouraged his best attempts with the remark that they could make nothing of him, and the publishers predicted that nothing he wrote would ever find readers, Trollope went on with the official drudgery till he had mastered every detail of the department, and continued to accumulate, by study of life, the materials for those future novels which the trade experts had assured him might, for any good they might do him, as well remain unwritten. His perseverance in the task to which he had laid his hand was a quality as traditionally English as is the spirit animating all his best books.

Yet delightful as is the legacy he has left us, it may be doubted whether English literature can altogether congratulate itself on some of the personal consequences of his example. Trollope, it is well known, resembling in this respect the late Sir Walter Besant, held that, given the necessary minimum of ability, of intellectual training, of faculty of concentrated and continuous thought, any one might make himself an author; granted, too, a fair allowance of imagination, and a power of correctly observing life and character, there was no reason, he held, why almost any one should not develop himself into a tolerably successful novelist. These notions of his, originally,

perhaps, propounded as paradoxes or for mere love of opposition, have become not less widely known than the fact of Trollope's literary fecundity having been due to early rising. As a consequence, many persons of both sexes, of different classes, and of varying degrees of inaptitude for using the pen as a staff of life, have taken to literature; and the world groans under the burden of novels which no one reads, and which never ought to have been written. Trollope had genius of a kind; he had also the faculty for taking infinite pains; but the two things are not the same. Nor, supposing him to have spoken as if they were, did he fail to that extent to mislead and entice scores among the rising generation who have literary ambition without literary capacity.

The real debt of English letters and English history to Trollope is not, however, diminished by considerations like these. Lord Beaconsfield, in his latest work, "*Endymion*," is the one nineteenth-century novelist in the first rank who reflected the social phenomena summed up in the word "smartness," and generally regarded as specially characterizing the closing years of the Victorian age. Anthony Trollope had allowed himself to make something of the same attempt in his two least-known, perhaps, as well as decidedly least agreeable stories, "*The Way We Live Now*," and "*He Knew He was Right*." The chief charm and value of his writings, however, will always arise from the fact that, continuing, though with less creative power, the realism of Thackeray, he places his characters amid scenery, in social and personal environments, graphically representative of the country or town life best known to the immense majority of his readers, as that existence was lived and regulated, at a time when society journalism had not developed beyond its germ in the "*London Let-*

ter of Our Own Correspondent"; and the "smart set," if ever the words were used, remained a piece of Yankee
The Quarterly Review.

slang, not only unintelligible and repulsive to ears polite, but as yet not understood of the English public.

T. H. S. Escott.

SALEH: A SEQUEL.

BY HUGH CLIFFORD.

XII.

The conclusion of the month which had been allotted to Saleh for the purpose of "remaking the acquaintance of his own people" found him utterly confirmed in his opinions as to the worthlessness of Malayan life in its latter-day developments. He was little given to philosophizing and he had scant skill in putting into words the conclusions which formed themselves in his mind, but he began dimly to perceive something of the causes that were at work. By the coming of the white men to Pelesu a transformation had been wrought; but it was not the natural growth of a gradual evolution, itself the result of propulsion from within. On the contrary, it was produced and maintained by wholly artificial means, in bitter conflict with inherent instincts, inherited traditions, innate tendencies, characteristics, and genius, whether racial or individual. These changes in a habit of life infinitely old, it seemed to Saleh, had wrought nothing, but had ruined much. Existence at the Court of Pelesu, he saw for himself, was as empty, as vapid, as useless to God and man, as sordid and as licentious as it had ever been; but to-day there had been taken from it all that of old had lent to it worth and force and glamor and enchantment. Men shined as aforetime but they sinned with caution, mindful of the white man's law, in cowardly fashion, and upon a puny scale; men were as immoral as of old, but no longer at the peril of their heads; men loafed and sauntered through their lives, but now

they lacked the frequent tonic of warfare, and there came to them no longer any opportunity for individual deeds of valor, or chances to display courage or loyalty wherewith to break the dull monotony of their ill-doing. No, the tawdry shell of the ancient Court life remained, but the soul within had atrophied: all its failures and futilities were intact, but the daring, the reckless manhood, the headlong loyalty, the true Malayan fighting-spirit,—all the few but precious virtues which it had fostered,—had been filched from it. In Saleh's eyes there was justification in all this, ample justification, for *laudator temporis acti*.

In spite of his secret contempt for life as he saw it lived around him, Saleh found that he had no alternative but to conform to things as he found them. It was useless to rise early, since there was nothing doing until the afternoon brought with it a measure of coolness. Therefore he took to lying abed, in itself a demoralizing practice in a tropical climate. When at last the sluggish stream of life began to flow once more, he could only kill time, as his fellows killed it, by joining in long, grave discussions about the points of rival fighting-cocks or decoy doves, by witnessing occasional matches arranged to test the prowess of these birds, by listening for hours to the trivial gossip of the Court or to the tales, in number past all counting, of the brave days of old, each one of which served to make more manifest to Saleh the ugliness and the hollowness of the present. In this fashion the afternoon

would be wiled away, and then would come the evening meal,—an event of importance. Once or twice Saleh had crossed the river, and had played a game or two of lawn-tennis with the white men of the station, but he had found himself somewhat *de trop*. Baker and the medical officer were well matched, and had formed the habit of playing singles daily. The inspector of police did not play, and a third man was a nuisance. The tennis over, piquet was played till dinner-time, but from this Saleh was rigidly excluded. It is against the unwritten law of the white man in the East to play with a native for money, and no exception could be made in Saleh's favor. To these Englishmen, who had lived so long among Malays, the accident of Saleh's up-bringing counted for little. In their eyes he was primarily a native.

The lad was accordingly thrown back upon the society of his own people for distraction, and his evenings would be passed for the most part in playing at *cheki*, a very elaborate form of the card game called *Ma poule crie*, with his father, Che' Jebah, and a select coterie of men and women, in the favorite concubine's house, or at Chinese dice in the audience-hall. This too, was demoralizing, for the gambler's instinct is part of the psychological furniture of most Malays, and in his own heart, Saleh presently found it was warm and quick.

Play would continue until the east was yellowing for the dawn and Saleh would go to his rest with a wasted day behind him and a morrow of little profit awaiting his waking.

In England Saleh had always been accounted "slack," and indeed his energy, judged by European standards, was by no means superabundant; yet the training which he had received sufficed to make the deadly inertia into which the Court of Pelesu had fallen a

thing utterly revolting. To him it was a degradation that he and his should thus saunter through profitless lives, suffering the white men meanwhile to usurp all those functions of government which it is the sole *raison d'être* of a royal caste to exercise. The Sultan was still nominally the ruler of the State, he was euphemistically said to govern "by the advice of the British Resident," all things were done by the white men in his name; yet Saleh saw very clearly that his father had no power, and very little even of influence, save among the inhabitants of his disorderly Court. Again the tawdry shell, the valueless husk, had been left to the Malay by the Englishman; but the soul which it had once sheltered, the soul which had given to it meaning and force and value, had been reft from it.

Yet the Sultan, Saleh recognized with disgust, did not resent this very bitterly. In the old days, all affairs of State which did not directly or indirectly affect his own comfort, pleasure, or convenience, had been wont to bore the King to distraction. Such things had a knack of making demands upon his time and of disturbing his easeful self-indulgence. That the white men, in their folly, should be willing to concern themselves with such gross and sordid details was clearly, in the King's sight, cause for much thankfulness; it was only when the theories of the Englishmen clashed with some lawless whim of his own that the Sultan was inclined momentarily to resent the presence of the aliens in his country.

This, however, naturally enough, was a point of view which Saleh could not share, and for the rest he rejected the one thing in life which gave for all at the Court of Pelesu a savor to existence. Men and women alike lived in this little hotbed of iniquity mainly for the prosecution of their inconstant *amours*, and this was yet another phase

of Malayan life for which Saleh's British up-bringing had unfitted him. To others increased leisure, additional opportunity, diminished risk, all due to the presence of the white man in the land, might enlarge the field for pleasure and afford compensation for much; to Saleh these things furnished one proof the more that Pelesu was undergoing a process of rapid degeneration, the responsibility for which must be laid at the doors of the English.

Yet, as a young celibate at a Malayan court, Saleh was, and felt himself to be, an almost grotesque anomaly. His mother was frankly ashamed that her son should be such a milksop, and said so with a pungent emphasis which made poor Saleh wince. Mūnah and half a dozen other girls who had ogled him persistently began to offer him a hundred little, covert insults, illustrative of the contempt they entertained for such a laggard in love; and Saleh was made uncomfortably aware in half a thousand ways that his conduct, far from inspiring respect, was making him a public laughing-stock among his own people. Yet during the whole of the month which he spent at the Court of Pelesu he clung feverishly to his acquired notions of right and wrong. It was an uphill fight, and he got small joy from it, but the memory of Mrs. Le Mesurier and her daughter, and, more still, the thought of Alice Fairfax, kept him true to his ideals.

And two others also helped him. Rāja Pahlāwan Indut fed the flame of enthusiasm for the Malaya of the old days with calculating sedulousness, while Rāja Hajī Abdullah expounded the faith of Muhammad to him with fanatical vigor. Rāja Pahlāwan was quite ludicrously distressed by Saleh's rigorous celibacy, and even Rāja Abdullah, professional holy man though he was, derived from it more surprise than edification, but by common con-

sent both avoided all reference to the young man's peculiarities in their conversations with him. Among themselves they discussed the marvel freely.

"Unquestionably he hath become possessed by certain devils, such as the white men breed," Rāja Pahlāwan would say. "But therewith he hath perforce acquired much knowledge concerning white men and their tortuous ways. When the great day dawneth, brother, that knowledge will be useful to the Cause. I, for one, would not have him other than he is. I behold in him a weapon tempered by the white men for their own destruction. *Allah Akhbar!* God is great!"

"Surely, brother, surely," Rāja Abdullah would reply. "He is a true son of the Faith, notwithstanding such devils as the white men have implanted in his soul. Already he is afire with the enthusiasm which in the end will work destruction upon the infidel. As for those same devils of the white man, their coming upon him is plainly due to the unclean things which he hath been made to eat in the white man's land in defiance of the Prophet's law. Now hath he put away all such uncleanness, but the power bred of knowledge may not be put off. That, as thou sayest, brother, is a weapon ready to our hands."

"And our hope lieth ever with the young men," Rāja Pahlāwan would cry,—“with the young men who know only the romance of the past, not with the old men whose memories recall the days when they were as driven cattle before prince and chief; and he, he also, is young! He kindles to my stories of the past; he hateth the mean to-day, even as we hate it. Presently all the young malcontents will find in him a leader. Verily, brother, the white men in their folly have armed us for the Great Battle.”

What time poor Saleh, holding firmly to his path in obedience to his acquired

principles, and conscious of a growing contempt for the present, an increasing enthusiasm for the past, and a newly-kindled, fiery pride in the Faith of his fathers, would have scorned the notion that he was being influenced, bent to

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their will, steadily, gradually, carefully and with calculation, by two ignorant Malays, who, the one for purely secular, the other for religious motives, took delight in the dreaming of wild dreams.

(To be continued.)

DID BROWNING WHISTLE OR SING?

In the city where I chance to live, among women of leisure it is a popular form of philanthropy—or of amusement, if you are uncharitable enough to call it so—to teach English to the Japanese youth who seek our western shore in such numbers. On one occasion a friend of mine who was thus engaged asked a group of boys to write a composition on poetry. Among the efforts was the following: "Poetry you are my very dear friend. I am understand the natural of you, and generate my idle spirit to your ability." That poetry is *my* very dear friend I am certain, but when I see how my estimates of it differ from those of others, I feel sure either that I do not understand its "natural" or that they do not. I prefer to think the latter.

I had this forcibly brought home the other day when my friend the psychologist, with whom I have many congenial interests, fell to criticising the crudity of Browning's verse, contending that ideas, great in themselves, were left to shift as best they might, and to hobble along on any chance crutch that their impatient and improvident author might whittle out for them.

I fancy that this idea is the prevailing one, and yet the more that I study Browning's verse, the more convinced I am that he was one of our great masters of technique, a metricalian of consummate skill.

The other day I asked a little fellow

who is being reared on Stevenson's "Child Verses" to tell me what a poem is. He replied: "Oh, it's something that isn't true, but you all wish it was true, and that is put in nice jolly words." This is a very good popular definition, and I commend it to the lexicographers as an improvement. But for a scientific definition I would choose the one formulated by Professor Bradley in his inaugural lecture. "An actual poem," he says, "is the succession of experiences—sounds, images, thoughts, emotions—through which we pass when we are reading as poetically as we can. Of course," he adds, "this imaginative experience—if I may use the phrase for brevity—differs with every reader and every time of reading; a poem exists in innumerable degrees. But that insurmountable fact lies in the nature of things and does not concern us now." In other words, the actual poem is the poem operative, just as the actual flower is the sum of emotions, sensations, and thoughts that are stimulated by it. Whatever truth they may claim when objectively interpreted, subjectively the beautiful verses of Alfred Noyes upon the rose are profoundly true, for the rose is realized only in that fineness of sensation that our spiritual heritage makes possible to us:

What does it take to make a rose,
Mother mine?

The God that died to make it knows
It takes the world's eternal wars,

It takes the moon and all the stars.
It takes the might of heaven and hell
And the everlasting love as well,
Little child.

Now it may be declared a corollary to Professor Bradley's definition, may it not, that a poem is great in proportion to the liveliness of the experience that it occasions in the cultivated mind. In proportion to its compelling power over the imagination. If the poem absolutely engages one for the time being, lifts him out of himself, carries him to its own enchanted realms, and never once allows him to recall that he is not in the land of reality but of dreams, then it is a great poem.

I think it is conclusive that such an experience can only be derived from a poem in which there is complete correspondence between the thought and the form, for the slightest failure in such correspondence is at once felt, and destroys the illusion. Wherever such disparity exists, it is either the result of insincerity, in which case the poet has been self-consciously indulging in fine writing and wishes to give his composition a splendor that the thought does not warrant, or else it results from the attempt to express a thought that has not yet taken clear form in the author's own mind. Wherever a poet has firm grasp upon an idea, and earnestly desires to communicate it, the thought and the form are fused—are, in fact, merely aspects of the same thing. As Faust replies to the nagging pedant:

Clear wit and sense
Suggest their own delivery;
And if thou'rt moved to speak in earnest,
What need that after words thou yearnest?
Yes, your discourses, with their glittering show,
Where ye for men twist shredded thought like paper,
Are unrefreshing as the winds that blow

The rustling leaves through chill autumnal vapor.¹

This true relation of thought and form is explained by the nature of the medium through which poetry expresses itself. In the course of one of the earlier chapters of "Modern Painters" (I., 2, 1, 7, 20) the author has this to say of the relation of style to subject-matter: "What is usually called the style or manner of an artist is, in all good art, nothing but the best means of getting at the particular truth which the artist wanted; it is not a mode peculiar to himself of getting at the same truths as other men, but the *only* mode of getting the particular facts he desires, and which mode, if others had desired to express those facts, they also must have adopted. All habits of execution persisted in under no such necessity, but because the artist has invented them, or desires to show his dexterity in them, are utterly base; for every good painter finds so much difficulty in reaching the end he sees and desires that he has no time nor power left for playing tricks on the road to it; he catches at the easiest and best means he can get; it is possible that such means may be singular, and then it will be said that his style is strange; but it is not a style at all, it is the saying of a particular thing in the only way in which it possibly can be said." If this is true in painting, it must be doubly true in such an art as poetry, which is forced to express itself through symbols. Words are the symbols of ideas, and every word is surrounded by a certain distinctive atmosphere, which is to be distinguished from the atmosphere that radiates from its closest synonym. To define this atmosphere may defy the powers of the most versatile and subtle lexicographer, but it is felt by every sensitive mind,

¹ "Faust," scene I., tr. of Bayard Taylor.

even when so delicate as to elude definition. A word is the key to an exclusive treasure-house, which it alone can unlock. It is a servant that has been trained to one particular duty, quite outside the province or the powers of another. It is a citizen of the world that has ransacked the ages, spoiled the climates, and that bears the evidence of all this contact. It is, in short, a highly-developed, unmistakable personality.

Just as words have this unique character, this inviolable individuality, so also do the combinations of words into sentences or phrases, so that, even a simple expression such as "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills" can never be adequately paraphrased. We are often reminded of this in translation, and regard the happiest version as merely approximate. Thus it is simply beyond the power of our language to give quite the experience that is occasioned by the simple German line "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," and so sympathetic a translator as Bayard Taylor despaired of finding English words to reproduce the sentiment and tenderness of Margaret's unaffected "Ich werde Zeit genug an euch zu denken haben."

Though the majority of words are symbols arbitrarily chosen, there are yet many onomatopoeic or *mood* words, and words not in themselves onomatopoeic may be so combined as to constitute onomatopoeic phrases. Students have sometimes asked me why Arnold chose Dante's beautiful line

In la sua volontade è nostra pace

as the test of high poetry, and I have never been able fully to explain it to them; nor can they ever understand it until they have a feeling for the language in which the line was written, for the long "ah" sound in *la, sua, volontade, nostra*, and *pace* suggests not only the wrapt contemplation of the

warrior who has gained this citadel after a long day-weary struggle, but much that must ever elude definition. Originally onomatopoeic words were directly imitative, and not arbitrary symbols; but with the passing of time these words also have assumed a definite intellectual content, until their present atmosphere is a complex of meaning and of sound which renders them doubly secure from possibility of substitution.

That the subject-matter of a poem and its technique are not merely two separate elements that combine in the poem can be practically demonstrated by any one who interrogates his own experiences in reading poetry. Thus if I read Arnold's "Self-dependence" as *poetically* as I can, demanding of mind and heart that they co-operate in inducting me into the poet's experience, I do not enjoy the thought as one thing and the sound as another, but I enjoy one in the other; and this thought would not, could not, be the same thought if it were couched in any other words. The thought *is* these words.

If I wish to realize the substance of the poem, but have forgotten the words, I can only so realize it by turning again to the words. Moreover, I cannot decompose the poem into two mutually distinct elements. I may, indeed, deliberately depart from poetic experience, perform an arbitrary and artificial analysis, and consider the thought and the form *as if* they had separate existence; but I do this only that I may enter a second time, and more fully, into that poetic experience that is enjoyed when the thought is fully received in its own inimitable words, which are its flesh and blood. So I may discuss the features of a face and its expression independently, but they do not exist independently.

To be sure, one may enjoy the sound of musical verse even when one is not following the thought. Thus the rich

music of Swinburne's verse charms one for a little time—though for *only* a little time—even when one has resigned the effort to wrest any tangible meaning from the lines. But this experience is of short duration and of a distinctly lower order. One could enjoy listening to the Chinese Swinburne, if it is good form to have Swinburnes in China, for about fifteen minutes.

And now as to Browning's poetry; is it sincere, does it secure that tenacious hold on the imagination that only the faithful expression of great thoughts and feelings can give? One can only answer with certainty as to one's own experience, though I fancy that no one who has satisfied himself of the meaning of one of Browning's shorter poems—and one may include most of the longer ones—will feel inclined to deny that the subsequent *poetical* reading was a very lively imaginative experience; indeed, that the moving quality in Browning's poetry is rather greater than that of any other English poet since Shakespeare.

So complete is the fusion of subject-matter and form in Browning's poems that I can call to mind but few lines that violate the tone of the poem or the spirit of the context, that disenchant one and recall him from the imaginative experience.

It may be objected that in general Browning deals with themes that are not legitimate for poetic treatment—themes, for example, of so psychological a character that one has to give a careful preliminary study to determine the thought of a poem before he can read it *poetically*. That introduces quite another question, and one that merits separate consideration. At present the only concern is with the declaration that, the themes of the poems being such as they are, in much the greater part of the poetry the technique is virtually above reproach.

Wherever the form is defective—as

in parts of "Paracelsus," for example—I think it will be found that of necessity the substance is likewise defective, that the poet was striving for the definition of his thought, and could not draw it beyond or out of a somewhat nebulous state.

I fancy that much of the criticism of Browning's metre and language has arisen from the fact that readers have missed that flowing quality, that tranquil and evident melodiousness, that they have been accustomed to associate with the lyric. For much lyrical verse that quality is right—indeed, inevitable. For most of Browning's verse, however, it would be absolutely fatal—as incongruous as a pastoral costume on Wall Street or Piccadilly. Keats and Tennyson usually wrote in a mood of gentle reflection, inclining to pensiveness; Browning was busy with hearts that beat hard and brains that tick high-blooded. It is well known that Tennyson held that poetry should be chanted, and was fond of thus rendering his own verse. One might as well try to chant Bernard Shaw or the dictionary as much that Browning wrote. Fancy the result if one were to try to harness to a chant the dashing realism of the following description of a Florentine square:

That memorable day
(June was the month, Lorenzo named
the square)
I leaned a little and overlooked my
prize
By the low railing round the fountain-
source
Close to the statue, where a step de-
scends:
While clinked the cans of copper, as
stooped and rose
Thick-ankled girls who brimmed them,
and made place
For marketmen glad to pitch basket
down,
Dip a broad melon-leaf that holds the
wet,
And whisk their faded fresh. And on
I read

T'presently, though my path grew perilous
Between the outspread straw-work,
Piles of plait
Soon to be flapping, each o'er two black
eyes
And swathe of Tuscan hair, on festas
fine:
Through fire-irons, tribes of tongs,
shovels in sheaves,
Skeleton bedsteads, wardrobe-drawers
agape,
Rows of tall slim brass lamps with
dangling gear,—
And worse, cast clothes a-sweetening in
the sun:
None of them took my eye from off my
prize.

As well try to fancy Falstaff in a *coranto*. Perhaps this is not legitimate material for poetry; but if it is to be treated, Browning has done it to the life. I once asked an artist friend why he was so pleased with his portrait of a dark-eyed girl of France looking through a door that stood slightly ajar. After a moment's hesitation he said, with a little gesture of impatience, "Oh, she's looking at you." So with this description of the square. Doubtless this particular place *could* be described in chantable verse—as Longfellow essayed the Belfry of Bruges, much to its detriment—but not without sacrificing the atmospheric effect that Browning's sense of things dictated, not without a fatal change in mood and temper. The whole description is rightly keyed; there is not a jarring note in it. It is relentlessly right—the thing itself.

Indeed, so unerring is Browning's sense of verse propriety that a discordant note, a line out of character, is hardly to be met. I venture that there are more verses that impair the evenness of tone-impression in Tennyson's "Guinevere," lauded as it is, than in an equal number of pages of Browning. Such unfortunate verses as:

He, reverencing King's blood in a bad
man.

Stammering and staring. It was their
last hour.

These prosaic lines are highly injurious to a poem bathed with the atmosphere of dreamy romance.

That Browning was a master of musical verse, and employed it when justified by the theme, no understanding reader of "Abt Vogler," "Saul," "A Woman's Last Word," the lyrics in "Paracelsus," or "Love among the Ruins" will question. Where shall one turn for verse to excel the pastoral effect of the following lines from "Saul"?

And I first played the tune all our
sheep know, as, one after one,
So docile they come to the pen-door till
folding be done.
They are white and untorn by the
bushes, for, lo, they have fed
Where the long grasses stifle the water
within the stream's bed;
And now one after one seeks its lodg-
ing, as star follows star
Into eve and the blue far above us—
so blue and so far!

How perfect! The very movement of a flock of sheep has been caught, and the pervasive twilight tenderness of pastoralism. If this has ever been surpassed, it is by the corresponding description in "Love among the Ruins":

Where the quiet-colored end of evening
smiles
Miles and miles
On the solitary pastures where our
sheep
Half asleep
Tinkle homeward through the twilight,
stray or stop
As they crop . . .

And I know, while thus the quiet-col-
ored eve
Smiles to leave
To their folding, all our many-tinkling
fleece
In such peace,
And the slopes and rills in undistin-
guished gray
Melt away . . .

The metre of this poem is indeed a triumph, capable one moment of giving these liquid effects and the next of depicting the abrupt and breathless staccato movements of the lovers:

That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair

Waits me there
In the turret whence the charloteers
caught soul

For the goal,
When the king looked where she looks
now, breathless, dumb,
Till I come . . .

When I do come, she will speak not;
she will stand,

Either hand
On my shoulder, give her eyes the first
embrace

Of my face,
Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight
and speech
Each on each.

Conformable to my general thesis that the substance and the form of Browning's poetry are vitally inwrought, I think it will be found that in the more exalted poems there is a majestic and complex music that is virtually unique in our poetry, and that differs from the music of the more attenuated lyric as a symphony differs from a simple and evident melody. Browning once compared himself to Beethoven, and the comparison holds, for such a poem as "Abt Vogler" is Beethovenesque in its vast and tranquillizing harmony, in its nobly sustained, yet nobly restrained passion.

That Browning's verse is so often unmusical is due not to a dull ear or to carelessness, but to the character of his themes. So universal was his interest in humanity that it ranged from Caliban, trying to articulate his embryonic affinities with mankind, to little David, seated between the gnarled knees of Saul, with the light of Heaven's revelation streaming upon his golden hair, and the Pope,

Heart-sick at having all his world to blame.

For all this vast range of characters intensely dramatic situations are conceived, and Browning knew—whether he ever gave the matter a moment's conscious thought or not—that his diction must be as varied as the characters properly to reveal them. The angular old lawyer must deliver himself in the angular terminology of his profession; the grotesque pedant must sputter like an antique worn-out gargoyle; the sin-shattered, dying bishop must break forth in half-coherent bursts of diseased language, as truly as the white-souled Pompilia must use diction that is like "flowers held up to the softened gaze of God." One may question, if one chooses, the poetical propriety of many of Browning's characters and situations; but given the characters and the situations, I do not see how one can well quarrel with the diction. Just as Hunt, Millais, and Rossetti defied the traditions of the Academy in order that they might escape from the tyranny of dreary languor, insipid prettiness, and trite convention, so Browning chose to write verse that shocked the ears of a generation trained in like poetic traditions. And we get his own gloss upon this departure in rousing words:

Rough, brave old Martin Luther
Bloomed fables, flowers and furze,
The better, the uncouth;
Do roses stick like burrs?

Rather than to be censured, Browning's verse is to be admired for its plasticity and the infinitely varied effects secured. Its suppleness is brilliantly illustrated in the little poem "Meeting at Night," which combines description, used for setting and atmosphere, with stirring action:

The gray sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;

And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross till a farm ap-
pears;

A tap at the pane, the quick sharp
scratch

And a blue spurt of a lighted match—
And a voice less loud, through its joys
and fears,

Than the two hearts beating each to
each!

The two opening verses move very slowly, the sounds all being kept in the minor, to give a tranquil evening effect—sea, sky, and land all nicely toned—and to suggest the long, quiet crossing of the bay. Then follow four sharp, nervous verses that leap forth and break abruptly into this dream, as the beaching of the boat quickens the pulse of the lover. Then two verses that so move as to suggest a quick, regular walk; then onomatopoetic phrases to suggest the tap at the pane and the scratching of the match, and then a superb pause before the final verses that consummate the little drama. All this is very great art—verse that observes every slightest shading in the mood.

This perfect correspondence between the movement of the verse and the action described is well-nigh invariable with Browning, and shows how masterly was his technique. Recall the lines in "Pippa Passes" in which the sinful Ottima, to regain control of her lover, is picturing the occasion of their first fond amour:

Buried in woods we lay, you recollect;
Swift ran the searching tempest over-
head;

And ever and anon some bright white
shaft

Burned through the pine-tree roof, here
burned and there,

As if God's messenger through the
close wood screen

Plunged and replunged his weapon at
a venture,

Feeling for guilty thee and me; then
broke

The thunder like a whole sea overhead.

The swift gathering of the storm, the hurtling shafts of fire, the dreadful pause, and then the sea-vast breaking of the thunder are reproduced with terrible faithfulness. Finally, recall the unique description of a sunrise that opens the same poem, wherein the rising of the orb is compared to a golden liquor that boils over the brim of a vessel:

Day!

Faster and more fast,

O'er night's brim, day boils at last:

Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's
brim

Where spurting and suppressed it lay.
For not a froth-flake touched the rim

Of yonder gap in the solid gray

Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;

But forth one wavelet, then another,
curled,

Till the whole sunrise, not to be sup-
pressed,

Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then
overflowed the world.

How completely the movement of the verse tallies with the successive steps in the brilliant pageant!

Browning himself was not unmoved by the charges brought against his verse and the facile prophecies that his prestige would be short-lived, and in "Pacchiarotto" he takes occasion—good fighter that he was—to have it out with his critics. He represents them as chimney-sweeps who come ostensibly to clean his flues, but actually bringing in more dirt than they remove. The pestiferous fellows are busy gossiping about him, declaring that his was

No ear! or, if ear, so tough-gristled—
He thought that he sung while he
whistled.

They

Make mouths at the Tenant, hoot warn-
ing

You'll find him decamped next May
morning.

But the poet, who overhears them, re-
torts that his house is

freehold, by grace of the grand Lord
Who lets out the ground here—my land-
lord:

To him I pay quit-rent—devotion;

and then he makes his prophecy, that
people up and down the street will be
listening to his singing long after these
meddlesome fellows have taken to their
heels:

Nor hence shall I budge, I've a notion:
Nay, here shall my whistling and sing-
ing

The Cornhill Magazine.

Set all the street's echoes a-ringing
Long after the last of your number
Has ceased my front-court to encum-
ber

While, treading down rose and ranun-
culus,

You Tommy-make-room-for-your-Uncle us!

And the prophecy is coming true, for
curious heads are popping out at fresh
windows every day, and the music has
not only echoed through the street
where it was composed, but has rever-
berated to neighboring streets and
squares. And while some red-cotton
night-caps are still wagging in solemn
disapproval, wadding in ears and noses
erect, other heads are bobbing in right
good time with the music. *De te,
fabula!*

F. M. Padelford.

SLEDGING AS A METHOD OF EXPLORING THE ARCTIC OCEAN.

In my record of an expedition under-
taken during the years 1905-7 I indi-
cated that sledging would be, in my
opinion, at once the least costly and the
most feasible method of Arctic explora-
tion.¹ An exhaustive discussion of the
reasons on which that opinion was
based would, in a narrative designed
for the general reader, have been im-
possible on account of the time,
thought, and references required for
such an explanation. I felt, neverthe-
less, that in any further discussion of
the subject it would be incumbent on
me to indicate more minutely the rea-
sons on which my plans were based,
and to satisfy the public at large, and
in particular those whose expert criti-
cism I would welcome, that sledging
was not only the most but, as it ap-
peared to me, the *only* feasible method.
These reasons I now set out. There is,

indeed, but one alternative to be exam-
ined—that of drifting a ship.

Let us first consider the drift of a
vessel if it takes the ice at any spot
off the American continent. We have
several facts to guide us: namely, the
descriptions of the ice met with in
the Beaufort Sea and the history of ice
navigation in those waters; the Bryant
and Melville experiment with the drift
casks;² and, finally, a careful study of
the atmospheric conditions of that re-
gion.

We have a few descriptions of the
ice off the American continent; for in-
stance, the ice met by the *Investigator*
on the 19th of August 1850 is described
in the following words: "Ice of stu-
pendous thickness, and in extensive
floes some seven or eight miles in ex-
tent, were (*sic*) seen on either hand; the
surface of it is not flat, such as we see

¹ "In Search of a Polar Continent," pub-
lished by Edward Arnold, 1908.

² The "Bulletin" of the Geographical Soci-
ety of Philadelphia, January 1906.

in the Baffin Strait and the adjacent seas, but rugged with the accumulated snows, frost and thaws of centuries."²

Such is the description of the ice met with in the Beaufort Sea, which description in my opinion, is likely to be true. Quite recently, too, photographs have been taken by Captain Mikkelsen which appear to corroborate this by the contrast he notices between this ice off the Alaskan coast and that found in other better-known parts of the Arctic Ocean.³

International meteorological observations undertaken within recent years afford confirmatory evidence of the likelihood of there being older ice on the American side. As far as we know, the average temperature here is considerably below that of other parts of the Arctic Ocean. The statistical records of the Meteorological Office show the following interesting differences. The mean of the temperature for the year from the 1st of August 1882 to the 31st of July 1883 at Vardö, in latitude 70° 22', was 29° Fahr., and at Spitzbergen, in latitude 78° 28', was 20° Fahr. But on the American side at Point Barrow, latitude 71° 23', during the same period the mean was 8.85° Fahr. The difference between Vardö and Point Barrows is 20° Fahr.; and Spitzbergen, though 490 statute miles further north than Point Barrow, is 11° Fahr. warmer. This would not only tend to prove that the icefields off Point Barrow are subject to a lower temperature and therefore probably more stable, but also preclude the possibility of any warm current from the Pacific or Atlantic influencing the ice off this coast.

It is to be sincerely hoped that if Captain Amundsen's⁴ scheme of plac-

² Ice met with between Point Barrow and Pullen Isle, 19th of August 1880, "North West Passage of Sir Robert McClure," by Sherard Osborn, p. 63.

³ "Conquering the Arctic Ice," by Ejnar Mikkelsen, p. 440.

⁴ "Geographical Journal," December 1906, p. 625.

ing the *Fram* in the ice of the Beaufort Sea be put into execution, these descriptions may not prove to be all too sober a reality; for it is obvious that, should ice of the age indicated actually be met with, no ship would have the slightest chance of drifting far in it.

Ships, to be sure, have drifted in ice which would appear capable of crushing any vessel that was ever built, if it were in open water. Thus the *Fram* in her drift through the Polar Sea was more fortunate far than the *Jeannette*.⁵ Beneath both vessels a lane opened under the keel; in the case of the *Jeannette*, however, the ice parted along the major axis and let her into open water; whereas, in the case of the *Fram*, a lane opened at right angles to her stern;⁷ nor did she ever get into open water, after taking the ice at the end of September 1893, until she got free on the 3rd of June 1896. Had she got into open water in the spring, summer or autumn of 1895, when in the centre of the Polar pack, she might have shared the same fate as the unfortunate *Jeannette*.

Four ships have passed through Behring Strait on voyages of exploration, their main object being to penetrate into the unknown part of the Polar Sea; namely, the *Investigator*, the *Enterprise*, the *Jeannette*, and the *Duchess of Bedford*. Of these vessels only one has returned, the *Enterprise*, commanded by Admiral Collinson. Now, as I show later, the tendency of a ship placed in the ice off Point Barrow is to drift round the land of the Polar Sea; so that the fact that no ships have been able to get far from the land may, in some degree, account for past disasters. It stands to reason also that a ship cannot have the same chance near land as she can in the deep ocean, for there must be an irresistible check to the ice all along the shore, and this

⁵ "Voyage of the *Jeannette*," vol. II., p. 573.
⁷ Nansen's "Farthest North," vol. II., p. 546, Photos.

causes pressure. Nor does the trouble end here; for however well equipped a vessel may be and however proficient the observers she carries, the value of their observations will be seriously diminished if taken near the land, and in shallow water, where the oceanographic conditions are widely different from those prevailing in a deep sea. A moment's reflection should make this plain. Where ice is for ever going aground and grating along the bottom, and where rivers and streams are discharging into the sea various salts collected off the rocks over which they flow, the original properties of the shallow water are hopelessly complicated by the intrusion of these foreign elements. But precisely what it is important to obtain is a record of observations which will prove the accuracy of those taken by past and future explorers in water free from such disturbing conditions.*

We have next to consider the drift of the thirty-five casks put on the ice north of the American continent in the years 1899, 1900 and 1901. Nine casks were put down east of Point Barrow; the rest west of that Point; and of these thirty-five only four have come to hand.⁸ Two drifted round the Arctic Ocean.⁹ The first was placed west-north-west of Point Barrow, and after a lapse of five years and nine months was found on the north coast of Iceland. The second which drifted round was placed north of Cape Bathurst in 71° N. Lat. and 128° 05' W. Long. on the 24th of July 1900, and was found on the island of Soro, off Hammerfest, on the 3rd of November 1908. The other two seem to have failed to enter the true circular drift current, and have been picked up on the coast of Siberia. This gives a gloomy estimate of the chance of the reappearance of any ship put into the

ice in the same region. The greater part of the coast-line where these drift-casks might be looked for is well known, being traversed by Eskimo every year, and has been recently visited by various expeditions. What has become of these buoys? Who can tell? They are probably deeply embedded in massive old ice which is just as capable of retaining a ship. There is no certain inference to be drawn from these buoys, as the thirty-one missing may, for all we know, be slowly working across the centre of the Polar Ocean; but as after more than eight years they have not been found, it is a strong argument against a ship being brought through the ice and out again within the utmost time during which an expedition by ship could keep itself in provisions. When we take into account the more illusive form of a drift-cask, and the necessarily more complicated, and consequently more fragile, nature of a ship's structure, the conclusion to be drawn is that a ship would have certainly not more, and probably less, chances of success than one in nine of drifting safely round or across the Polar Ocean. The results of these drift-cask experiments may be thus summarized. Out of thirty-five casks, thirty-one have not been heard of again at the end of eight years; two, after circling about, were found comparatively near their starting-point on the shore of Siberia; a third reappeared after a lapse of five years and nine months; and a fourth came to hand eight years and three months afterwards.

The drifts that we know of—those, namely, of the *Jeannette*, and of the *Fram*—rather point to the fact of there being either land or old ice in the centre of the Polar Sea to the north of the drift of those ships; and a careful study of the atmospheric conditions of this region might help by suggesting what is likely to be met with. Look-

* The Geographical Society of Philadelphia.

⁸ "Geographical Journal," vol. xxxi., p. 286.

ing at the region merely as an immense area of exceedingly low temperature surrounding the Pole, and assuming the absence of such impediments to the motion of the air as mountain ranges, the first condition which strikes me as probable is that there will be over the whole area in general a continual descent of cold air, just as along the earth's equator there is a continual ascent of heated air. Supposing for the nonce that the earth is not rotating, this stream of cold air would flow out in all directions from the north along the surface of the earth directly towards the south; and, if that surface in the Polar regions were ice-covered water, the ice would everywhere be impelled towards the south by a north wind or air-current. How will the earth's rotation and the atmosphere affect the action of the ice drifting on the surface of the ocean? If you follow in imagination the course of any individual cubic yard of air, you will see that as it travels southward it will not keep to the same meridian of the earth; for, as the earth's surface is continually slipping away towards the east, the track of that volume of air will be a line not due south, but inclined to west of south; so that the whole current of air streaming from the region of the Pole will in fact not flow due south, but with an inclination to the west of south. The consequence, of course, will be that such a stream of air, when acting on anything that can obey the impulse, will cause it to follow the same direction. Now the ice in the Arctic Ocean is, as a whole, free to move, but not in the direction away from the Pole and towards the south, because of the land by which the Polar Sea is surrounded. On the other hand, there is little to prevent this ice from moving round the Pole, if it be subjected to such a sideways impulse from the east as is given by the westward element of this same

north-easterly air-current. It seems to me that there must exist in the Polar regions an atmospheric motion of this sort, and that it must give an impulse to the ice in a direction such as described. In speaking of the stream of cold air descending on the Polar regions, it is not any movement of the atmosphere like an ordinary wind that is contemplated, but rather a stronger movement, similar to that which in the Tropics is known as the trade winds. When, however, the surface acted on comes to be considered, and the impediments to motion are taken into account, the amount of motion does not promise to be at all considerable, as regards its rate of velocity. If we suppose the Arctic Ocean to empty itself of ice along stream lines converging from all points of its contour through the Greenland Channel, it does not seem at all improbable that it would take at least ten years before all the ice were replaced by new.¹⁰ But there is nothing to show that the ice does move in this way; and the theory of impulse given by atmospheric movement which I have just laid down is quite adverse to such a direction of motion. On the contrary, the movement caused would be that of a slow general revolution round the Pole, the ice everywhere coming from the east and departing towards the west. An estimate of twenty years for one revolution from north of Greenland round to Spitzbergen by way of the American coast, New Siberia, Franz Josef Land, &c., would not surprise me.

But again, the Arctic Ocean is, though land-locked, not devoid of outlets: there are such in Behring Strait, in Baffin Bay, and in the Greenland Channel. Of these outlets the first two may be disregarded, being either small or blocked by islands, so that they can do but little in the way of allowing the ice of the Arctic Ocean to

¹⁰ "Geographical Journal," vol. XXI., p. 286.

escape. With the Greenland Channel the case is different, as the channel is both broad and deep, and its action on the ice-sheet is considerably assisted by the comparatively warm arm thrown into it by the Atlantic drift current. Accordingly it is to the north of this outlet that the breaking up of the Polar ice principally takes place, the fragments escaping down the Channel as bergs and floes. This break-up, with its accompanying destruction from back-pressure of the ice, cannot but affect the ice in its rear, which is constantly under the influence of a power urging it forward while the resistance is removed or very much lessened; and thus a stream or flow will be formed, and once formed, will be likely to retain its position and direction. In this way I think it is probable that the line of drift past Franz Josef Land is formed, and its beginning may be traced much further back to the east; but Dr. Nansen in the *Fram* found that the first beginnings of his drifting journey near the New Siberian Islands were very vague and uncertain. Moreover, its progress entailed drifting backwards before the regular direction of his advance showed his ship to be certainly placed in the line of drift. Further back and to the east of Point Barrow the drift might well be expected to be utterly uncertain, so that a ship might spend some years before getting into the stream which would carry her past Franz Josef Land.

It will be seen, therefore, if this argument is correct, that no line of drifting in the ice may be expected to carry a ship over the Pole, but rather to carry it towards the coast surrounding the Arctic Ocean, and that the utmost approach to the Pole which could be looked for would be one after the fashion of the *Fram*, on the north edge of the drift that carried her to a position whence a sledge expedition might be

successfully made; but the return journey would be full of adventure, as the ship, once left, would be very difficult to find again.

In the face of such grave difficulties, is it to be wondered at if the merits of a sledge expedition—the only possible alternative—be seriously examined? Suppose a sledge expedition to be as well equipped as a ship; or, to take a concrete example, suppose that Commander De Long had put such an expedition equipped for five years on the floe where the *Jeannette* took the ice in sight of Herald Island; surely he would have accomplished at far less expense what the *Jeannette* and the *Fram* did; nay, he would possibly have achieved a far higher latitude than their united drifts were capable of attaining. It is quite possible to place upon the ice, one hundred miles northwest of Prince Patrick's Island, a sledge expedition, well equipped for any period, and to move supplies slowly east or west, according to the direction of the drift. With a few Eskimo and their knowledge of house-building in the snow, more comfortable quarters could be supplied than a ship would afford out of the material found upon the ice. Moreover, that such an expedition would be able to make its way across the Arctic Ocean seems probable; for we have nothing to show us that there will be any danger from the ice itself, provided the party does not try to make the land during the summer months. It is essential that both the getting on and the getting off the ice be carried out in the winter time. The explorers, once on the move, could be continually taking observations, and progressing at short intervals, and thus be always advancing towards their goal. Furthermore, it is important in all sledge expeditions to start for a point where supplies can be obtained, and not, as everyone has done in the past, to start away with the intention

of eventually returning by the same route.

The history of Arctic travel gives us no reason to suppose that the ice presents any insurmountable difficulty. Looking through the names of those who have made ice journeys—Wrangel, Parry, Collinson, Markham, Nansen, Carné, Peary, and Mikkelsen—we can find but one instance as far as I know of anyone perishing through attempting to make an ice journey—namely, a supporting party that went out in the Duke of Abruzzi's expedition to assist Carné.¹¹ The real cause of disaster has not been the endeavor to make an ice journey, but rather the attempt to make the land during the summer months; which has in each case been necessitated by want of food. The *Jeannette* party supplies an instance of this. We know that the *Fram* was upheld by the ice for thirty-two months, and the *Jeannette* for eighteen months, and this quite close to land. In the face of these facts, who will venture to deny that the ice is capable of carrying supplies for several years? The problem, indeed, resolves itself into an enterprise more favorable than the crossing of a desert. In the latter undertaking one has to contend with a tropical sun and with a great dearth of water—difficulties which do not exist on the ice; and my belief is that, if the months of July, August and September are given up to rest, and to the taking of observations, while the Eskimo hunt such mammals as seal, white whale, narwhal and walrus, a much larger supply of food may be obtained on the ice than in a desert.

These considerations have led me to conclude that, when once means have been found to convey sufficient provisions on to the ice in high latitudes, the attainment of the Pole, and the exploration of that unknown region, is merely a matter of slow and steady

advance. Whether there be land, or a deep sea covered with ice, is an open question, the solution of which, no matter how it be solved, will prove of scientific value. Even if the Pole is not reached, the result of the investigation of the physical features of the earth's crust in the Polar regions will be a most important object attained. If land be found, it will doubtless present greater difficulties to a sledge expedition than would a deep sea; nevertheless, the geological structure and geographical position of this land would, apart from its flora and fauna, be matters of valuable knowledge; and there might even be found there some relics of Baron Toll and his followers, or of André. If, on the other hand, a deep sea were found, as Dr. Nansen deems probable, the oceanography would be of great value. A much greater depth may exist in the centre of this ocean than we at present anticipate, since 2100 fathoms have been found quite close to the edge of the continental shelf. For this reason I have arranged to carry with me 10,000 fathoms of sounding wire and a portable machine (no portion of which would weigh more than 40 lbs.) capable of taking a sounding to a depth of 5200 fathoms. Hence, if land is found, I shall have the necessary instruments with me to locate and map that land; if, on the other hand, a deep sea is found, I shall be able to obtain the depths of the ocean and specimens of the bottom, as well as many other scientific observations.

Since formulating the plans in my book I have decided to change my point of starting. For this contingency, indeed, I have always been prepared; and the reason which actuated me was the receipt in December 1908 of news from San Francisco stating that no whale ships will go into the Arctic Ocean in the spring. Accordingly, when I am able to start, I propose

¹¹ "On the Pole Star in the Arctic Sea," p. 661.

to take down the Mackenzie River sufficient supplies for at least three years, to be placed in October upon the ice off Pullen Island on the 135th meridian. In my last expedition I started from Athabasca Landing on the 22nd of July; whereas I should have left there during the second week in May, as all boats going north leave at this time, but I had been prevented from leaving England till the 15th of June. The start from England should be made not later than the third week in April. I anticipate no difficulty in reaching Pullen Island with my supplies by the first week in August, and when the frost sets in about October, these supplies will be placed on the ice, and the expedition formally begun. By this route I shall, before starting, have an opportunity of finishing the map of the Mackenzie Delta, which I have begun, and as, during the months of August and September, plenty of fish are obtainable, the wait at Pullen Island will not involve my supplies being requisitioned before the expedition commences. At my destination, Spitzbergen, supplies will await me.

There are two reasons for selecting this direction. The first is that, if there be any land in the unknown region, I should, in virtue of the argument drawn from atmospheric conditions, expect to find it somewhere to the north and west of Grant Land. The drift found by Commander Peary, north of Grant Land and Greenland, running in an easterly direction, might seem to militate against what I have before laid down; unless this current be explained by the existence of land. It might be accounted for, too, by the continual flow which I have described. A second reason for choosing this route

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is based on our knowledge of the New Siberian Islands, which are obviously not so suitable as a base to make for as Spitzbergen. For it would be very much harder to place supplies upon this archipelago (the most northerly island of which is roughly 500 miles from any settlement) than upon Spitzbergen, which can be visited every year.

Assuming, from the drift of the *Jeanette* and her relics, that there is a drift round the Arctic Ocean at an average of about two miles per day,¹² it seems reasonable that the drift in the shortest route across the centre of the ocean will be at an average of 1.2 miles per day. The distance from Pullen Island to Spitzbergen is about 1800 miles, while the distance from Point Barrow to Iceland is 2500 miles. The first buoy mentioned above accomplished the latter distance in seventy months' drifting, therefore at the average rate of 1.2 miles per day;¹³ but as the drift south of Spitzbergen is known to be faster than that north of it, the average drift of this buoy before reaching Spitzbergen should be put at not more than one mile per day.

If a buoy or a ship can drift in the ice at this rate a sledge expedition can do the same; therefore a sledge expedition would actually drift in three years over 1000 miles, leaving only 800 miles to be covered by travelling, or less than one mile per day. It seems certain, therefore, that with the greater facilities for moving supplies which a sledge expedition has over a ship, the former is the better mode of exploring the centre of the Arctic Ocean, with the prospect of accomplishing such exploration within reasonable time.

Alfred H. Harrison.

¹² Dr. Nansen's "Farthest North," vol. I., p. 20

¹³ "Geographical Journal," vol. xxxi., p. 286

THE COCKNEY BOUNDER.

CONCLUSION.

IV.

It was in the field hospital at Ladysmith the next morning that he awakened to full consciousness, with Jerome Weir again beside him.

"Hullo!" he said; "what's happened? Have we won the battle? And where the deuce are we?"

"We gave them a first-class beating," said Weir; "you were wounded, you know, as your fellows were going up, and you were brought back by the bearer company here to Ladysmith."

"Ah! I remember being downed. By Jove! This foot of mine does sting. It was you who took me out of the fire, Mr. Weir. I owe you my life, and I—well, I shan't forget it."

To this Weir could only reply with the Englishman's formula in emotional moments: "Oh, that's all right."

But the young soldier persisted. "You did, you know! I recollect now it was you who hauled me back to the rocks. I didn't know who you were when you were carrying me, but I recognized you just before I went off. You risked your life for mine; we ought to have been both shot. It was a devilish fine thing to do, especially for a civilian."

Weir winced at the last words, and murmured, "Not at all."

"Civillian or not," continued Ascroft, "nobody could have shown more pluck. If there's a braver man in this army, I don't know him, and don't expect to find him. And to do that for me, too, for me who—" He raised himself feebly on his pillow and looked at Weir a moment. "Am I knocked out?" he added. "What do they say about me?"

"You are very weak, and have lost a lot of blood. But the doctor says that you are not much hurt. The bullet didn't touch the bone, and made

a clean cut through the flesh. They think you may be about again in a few days if the wound heals well."

"Praise be! It would have been hard lines to be bowled in the first over, wouldn't it? I've had a lucky escape—thanks to you, Weir. I haven't always behaved too decent to you, I am afraid. But we must be pals now. I should like it if you would. And I want to have a chance of doing something for you when the time comes. Let us see as much as we can of one another through this business."

"With all my heart," replied Weir; and he added with a laugh, "You know I believe I always had rather a liking for you, in spite—"

The sentence remained unfinished, and there was a silence of more than a minute. Then Ascroft spoke suddenly—

"I say, you know, we are both thinking of the same thing—the same person, I mean."

"What person?" said Weir.

"Oh, you know, of course. We are both thinking of Her."

"Yes; I suppose we are."

"Of course," Ascroft went on. "Well, now, look here, I ought to give her up to you,—after what you have done."

"Not a bit of it," said the journalist. "We'll play fair, and take our chance. Let us agree that neither of us will write to her while we are out here; and then if we both get home we'll toss up to decide which of us is to go and see her and—ask her first. How's that?"

"Right!" replied the soldier; "and you deserve to win the toss."

V.

They did see a good deal of one another during the next few weeks, those

anxious weeks while White's army lay helpless within the Boer leaguer, waiting for that "relief" from Buller which did not come. Ascroft's wound healed rapidly, and the Captain in the Loamshires and the correspondent of the "Incubus" became very close friends; for friendship ripens quickly in such circumstances. Weir, the older man of the two by some years, found himself taking an elder-brotherly interest in the young officer. He appreciated his good looks, his courage, and keenness, his care for his men, his professional ambition: and the soldier, on his part, having overcome his first prejudice against the journalist, became quite ardent in his regard for him. Gratitude apart, he found much to like in Weir and a good deal to admire. With his fluent tongue, his ready humor, and his stores of information derived both from books and men, Jerome seemed to his friend a quite remarkable person. Like many people of limited culture, Ascroft was easily impressed by intellectual acquirements, even of a superficial kind. Weir's knowledge, as well as his observation, did not go very deep; but other people besides the Captain had thought him "clever." When he discoursed on Wellington's or Napoleon's campaigns, or on the history of South Africa, or the ethnology and religion of the natives (which he had "got up" on the voyage out), Ascroft listened with reverence, and wished that he had himself found time to open a book occasionally since he had left Winchester.

There was no doubt either as to Weir's pluck. Ascroft had plenty of other evidence of it besides the Elands-laagte exploit. When there were bullets flying Weir was always well to the front, when the sudden gleam shot up from the Boer lines on Bulwana, and everyone knew that in thirty seconds a hundred-pound shell would crash down upon the town, Weir took

cover as leisurely as any veteran warrant-officer of the Naval Brigade. In the great day of Waggon Hill, when the Boers made their crowning effort, and every available rifle in Ladysmith was needed at the front, Weir was in an exposed corner of the trenches fighting gallantly. Ascroft leading up his company came upon him as he lay upon the ground with a Lee-Metford in the firing line. "Hullo, Jerry!" said the Captain, "you have no right to be amusing yourself in this fashion. What would the Chief say? You are a non-combatant, you know: if the Boers catch you with that bandolier on they will shoot you."

"They seem very likely to shoot me in any case," replied Weir, as the bullets flew whizzing over them. "But don't you tell of me, Dick. The pace is too hot for precise inquiries this evening. Get your head down, man. A shorter fellow than you had his helmet shot through just here a moment ago."

In point of fact, Weir's courage was much more self-conscious than it seemed: it had frequently to be kept up to the mark by a determined effort. Like Charles XII. on his first battlefield when taunted with being afraid, he might have said: "Yes; and if you were half as much afraid as I am you would run away." Jerome had determined to prove to the soldiers about him, Ascroft and the rest, that civilian, cockney, man of the desk and study as he was, he could show quite as much indifference to danger as any of them. Besides, he was vain and he had the histrionic temperament; he was playing the part of the dashing man of action for the first time, and he was resolved to do so with sufficient conviction to impress the spectators.

One of his poses was to assume a great familiarity and expertness in all things relating to the horse. Like many men bred in towns he had a ro-

mantic affection for that quadruped, and would have liked nothing better than to be esteemed an accomplished cavalier. But though he was fond of riding he rode very badly, with an inadequate grip and imperfect balance. His knowledge of equitation had been developed mainly by practice on livery-stable hacks at south-coast watering-places; and between these sedate animals and the half-broken remounts available in South Africa there was as much difference as between the smooth turf of the Brighton Downs and the rock-strewn fissured veldt. Weir was constantly meeting with misadventures in the saddle. Sometimes he was run away with, and on one occasion was very nearly carried into the enemy's lines; sometimes his horse reared or stumbled and his loose seat brought him to instant grief; occasionally he was kicked off.

Ascroft, who was now able to recognize his friend's weaknesses without laughing at him, exhorted him to be more careful, to abstain from endeavoring to jump anything, and to mount no steed which the Captain had not himself examined and tested. But Weir resented the caution and neglected it. He continued to ride and to fall, with unfortunate results for himself. The better of his two horses was a showy but very awkward-tempered broncho, with a mouth of iron and a selection of vices. Ridden on the curb he would take to bucking or rearing; while to hold him with the snaffle alone was like trying to stop a locomotive with a tennis-net. But his owner obstinately refused to part with this animal in spite of his friend's remonstrances; he even insisted on riding the beast in the race for special correspondents which figured on the card at some sports held in the artillery camp. The broncho, after an unavailing attempt to savage one of his rivals, bolted clean off the course and

made a bee-line for the river. Weir clung on desperately and bathed himself in perspiration in his ineffectual efforts to stop the runaway. Eventually the horse made one jump of it from the steep bank into the stream, jerked his rider off into the cold waters of the Tugela, and pursued his course to the other bank with an empty saddle. Weir scrambled out chilled and dripping. The walk back to the town in his wet clothes told heavily upon him; he had already been much weakened by his frequent falls, after one of which he had been carried back to his quarters unconscious. He passed a very bad night, and the next day he was in bed with a high fever and a temperature mounting steadily. He had not enough stamina to shake off the attack, and the doctors regarded the case as a bad one from the beginning.

It was now Ascroft's turn to act as nurse. Every minute that he could spare from duty was spent by Weir's bedside. He bought and begged and borrowed such little luxuries in the way of food and drink as were still to be had in the straitened town, and gave a sovereign for a small box of cigarettes when Weir expressed a desire to smoke. He humbled himself before a wealthy trooper of the Imperial Light Horse, who had brought a case of champagne with him from Johannesburg, and obtained a bottle of this beverage to revive the failing strength of his patient. He got books and magazines from the portable library of the sailors for Weir to read, and sat up with him all night to give him his medicine and moisten his parched throat with lime-juice and water. It was of no use: Weir fought hard for his life, but his strength dwindled gradually, and in the early days of February the end came.

"He will not live through the night," the doctor had said to Ascroft as he

paid his last visit in the small hours. The soldier sat by the truckle-bed, and watched the shadows from the kerosene lamp flickering over the gray face lying in the stillness of utter exhaustion on the bolster. Suddenly the lips opened and made an effort to form some words. Ascroft stooped to listen.

"Good-bye, Dick," whispered the dying man. "Take my hand, old boy; I am going."

Ascroft took the thin hand in his own. "Jerry!" he said, with a sob in his voice; "you—you mustn't die. You must let us pull you through."

"No, no, Dick! It's no good, I know. You will get through and go home—and see Her. And when you do, tell her that the Cockney Bounder"—and the ghost of a wan smile flickered over the drawn face—"tell her he didn't do so badly out here. He didn't, did he, old man?"

Ascroft could not speak. The tears were in his eyes as well as in his throat now as he knelt by the bedside.

"Tell her," went on Jerome very slowly and painfully—"tell her that if I did anything it was for Her; tell her that I was always thinking of Her; tell Her that I am thinking of Her now. You must go home—and marry her—we haven't had to toss for it after all—and tell Her that."

Ascroft broke down utterly at this, and buried his face in the coverlet. Then he looked up with sudden energy. "Yes; you are right, Jerry, I must get through if I can. I will go home, if I have the luck, and she shall know how you loved her, and all that you have been, all that you have done, for her sake."

The dying man smiled the faintest of smiles again. But he spoke no more, and presently the eyes closed, and the hand that Ascroft held grew stiff and cold.

In the mess of the Loamshires the

next evening the Major looked up from his scanty meal of sardines and jam and questioned the room at large. "They buried somebody in the Press Camp to-day, I hear. Which of them was it?"

"It was Jerome Weir, of the 'Incu-bus,'" replied the Adjutant. "He went off before sunrise."

"Weir! said the Major. "What! that queer little cockney chap who thought he could ride?"

Captain Ascroft, sitting solitary and brooding in a corner of the tent, rose to his feet in sudden wrath.

"Jerome Weir was the best and bravest man in all this beastly place; and anybody who says a word against him has got to reckon with me."

"I am sorry, Dick," said the Major; "I forgot he was a pal of yours."

"He saved my life at Elandslaagte. He was the best friend I ever had; a better fellow never stepped, and there isn't a braver man—no, nor a finer soldier—in the army. I could tell you—but I can't talk about him now."

And for a space a silence fell upon the clattering mess-tent, as the young man turned upon his heel and strode into the starlit night.

VI.

Ascroft did not write to Beatrice Avent to tell her of Weir's death. "She will know about it from the papers, of course," he thought; and somehow he felt that what he had to say to her could not be put in writing. "I shall wait till I see her—if I get through." He did get through; but it was many long months before he saw a prospect of delivering Jerome's dying message. He went up with Buller's army after the relief of Ladysmith, and came unscathed through the fighting in the Eastern Transvaal. Then his battalion entered Pretoria, and Ascroft, a Major by this time, was put on temporary police duty and acquitted

himself creditably. It was not till the late spring of 1901 that the Loamshires had their orders for Home. Before they went Ascroft was sent for to headquarters for an interview with the Chief.

"If you care to stay, Major Ascroft," said the great man, "I can find something for you. You did very well in that police work, and I can give you a good post of the same kind, if you would prefer to stop on here just now."

"Thank you, sir, I am very much obliged. But if you will allow me I should like to go back with the regiment. I have some—some important private business to attend to at home."

"As you please, of course. I though you might like to have your chance. But we may find room for you later, if you want to get out again. There will be some fair police and civil billets going before long, I expect. You can write to my military secretary when you have settled those private affairs of yours. Good-bye. Wants to get married, I expect," he growled to himself as the Major retired. "That's what they generally mean by their urgent private affairs; and it's the way I lose half my best young men."

It was on the afternoon of his arrival in London that Ascroft called on Beatrice Avent. He had come up to town in the morning by an early train from Southampton, seen his parents, and transacted some absolutely necessary business. Then he thought he would go to Beatrice. He ought to write to her and fix an appointment, he knew; but he could not control his impatience. He felt he must see her immediately. It was not so much on his own account—he hardly thought of the proposal he intended to make—but he wanted to tell her about Weir. He would go and call and take his chance. He hoped he might find her in and by herself.

Beatrice Avent was at home, but she

was not alone. There was somebody with her—a man with whom she seemed to be on very friendly terms indeed. Ascroft, catching a glimpse of his own face, sharpened and weather-stained, thought this person offensively young-looking, sleek, and comfortable. And Beatrice seemed as radiantly youthful as ever, as she greeted him with her entrancing smile. "How do you do, Captain Ascroft? I haven't seen you for ages. Where have you dropped from?"

"I only landed with my regiment yesterday. I ventured to come and see you at once. There are some things I want to tell you."

"I shall love to listen to them. You must tell me all about yourself. I am so glad you have got back safely from that silly old war. You know we are all *so* tired of it."

"Some of us found it rather tiring too," said the Major grimly. "But I understand the British public has ceased to take much interest in us, though the war doesn't happen to be quite over yet."

"All the interesting part is," replied Beatrice. "We see something in the papers about De Wet now and then; but there are such a lot of other things to think of, are there not? You know the *real* question is the Condition of the Masses. I have taken to working in the East End lately; you have no idea how absorbing it is. We must get Captain Ascroft to help with our Factory Boys' Club, mustn't we, Arthur?" and she turned on her visitor. "Oh, I forgot. You don't know one another. Mr. Arthur Warrender—Captain Ascroft. But I expect you are more than Captain by this time."

"They call me Major now."

"Let me congratulate you. How delightful! I knew you would distinguish yourself. But I am quite opposed to all militarism, you know. We cannot afford the cost of great arma-

ments when there is so much poverty."

"Our recent experience seems to show that we cannot very well do without them."

"It is not an economic necessity. Isn't that what Professor Scratchley told us in the lecture yesterday, Arthur? Do you know, I have become a Fabian; we have the most interesting discussions. You ought to come to our meetings. Arthur, you should tell Major Ascroft what our views are on militarism and imperialism."

Mr. Warrender began to explain; but the explanation soon became an animated conversation between him and his hostess in which Ascroft took no share. He sat glum and silent, waiting till the other visitor should think fit to depart. But Mr. Warrender made no sign of moving. He seemed very agreeably settled, and Ascroft felt himself rather an unwelcome intruder on the intimacy of this couple who evidently had a most excellent mutual understanding. They were "Arthur" and "Beatrice" to one another, they had numerous common topics of interest to which confidential allusion was made, and once in the warmth of an expostulatory argument the man called the woman "dear," and the woman scarcely seemed to notice it. Ascroft came to the conclusion that they were engaged or on the point of entering upon that relation. The discovery left him almost unmoved; he hardly thought that he wanted to marry Beatrice now. But he did not like to go without making some allusion to the main object of his visit, the purpose which had brought him home from Africa.

"Mrs. Avent," he said, "there is one person about whom I particularly wish to talk to you some time. I daresay you can guess whom I mean."

But Beatrice could not guess; and he had to tell her.

"It is Jerome Weir!" he said.

"Mr. Weir? Of course, I remember

him. That talkative little person! He went out to your war, didn't he? Has he come back, too?"

"He will not come back. He died at Ladysmith."

"Dear me! How sad! I recollect now seeing it in the newspapers. You must tell me all about him—"

But Warrender interrupted with an air of proprietorship and a glance at the clock, "You must not forget, dear lady, that you are coming to the Institute this evening, and that you have promised to let me take you to an early dinner first."

"Yes," said Beatrice; "and you mean, I suppose, you tyrannically punctual person, that I am to go and get myself into a garb suitable for the occasion. We are to dine at seven, or some such outrageous hour, I believe."

Ascroft could not refuse the hint and rose. "Must you go, Major Ascroft?" said Beatrice. "Well, in view of this early festivity I won't keep you; but do come and see me again, and tell me all about yourself and—your friend. It is so sweet of you to have called on me on your very first day in town. Come soon, remember. *Au revoir*."

Ascroft found himself moodily pacing the Piccadilly pavement again. After all, he had not delivered his message; was it worth while now? Evidently she had cared nothing about Weir, and nothing about him. He laughed bitterly as he recalled their sporting compact. Poor old Jerry! They would not have had to toss even if both had come back. So this was the end of it all: Beatrice engaged, Jerome dead and forgotten! And the war in which he died—that apparently was forgotten too! All that had meant so much to them when they were going out to Africa eighteen months ago, all that so many good men had fought for and fallen for—what was it to these people here? He looked about him in

the sunlight of the London spring, as he had looked two years before. Nothing was changed. So many things had happened to him, and here everything was the same: the same trees tossing in the light breeze, the same women in gay dresses, the same dapper smart young men, the cabs, the omnibuses, the loafers. But surely there were more people: the pavements seemed black with the endless procession. His thoughts went back to great bare spaces of wind-scourged veldt, to gaunt, ragged hills, to the dim solitary distances of the karroo, to long lonely night rides; and then to a rough wooden cross in a bit of waste ground outside Ladysmith. A deep yearning

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came over him; he was tired already of this little crowded England, of all these hurrying townfolk busied with their trivial affairs, untouched by the great realities of life.

He passed his club, and mechanically turned to enter the courtyard. A man he knew was coming out, and stopped to greet him.

"Hullo, Ascroft, how are you? Glad to see you home again. I congratulate you on your step; they say you did capitally. You are not looking extra fit, though. I expect you have had about enough of South Africa and are going to settle down in good old England?"

"No," said Ascroft; "I am going back."

Sidney Low.

SOME NEW CARLYLE LETTERS. *

No one will regret the appearance of these letters,—the authentic and complete correspondence between Carlyle and his wife before their marriage. The obvious objections to publications of this kind do not hold good in the present case, for, in the first place, these letters have now almost passed into the domain of ancient history,—nearly a century has elapsed since they were written, and the personal element in them has long since been softened and mellowed by the gentle hand of time. Secondly, they are not, in the ordinary acceptance of the phrase, "love-letters" at all. Love is, no doubt, the subject with which they are fundamentally concerned, but their treatment of it is marked by such restraint, such reasonableness, and, it must be added, such consciousness of literary form, that it is impossible, as one reads them, to feel that one is prying into secrecies and intimacies which

should never have been revealed,—a sensation called up by the letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse, for instance, or some of those from Keats to Fanny Brawn. Compared with such passionate utterances, this correspondence seems remarkable mainly for its sanity; it is, as Mr. Alexander Carlyle observes in his preface, the record of a courtship eminently Scotch. It is full of emotion, but of emotion which never rises into an all-absorbing and terrific force, shattering conventions, annihilating the ambiguous and the secondary, and seizing upon the secret springs of language with mysterious art. The emotion of the Carlyles expressed itself in a very different manner,—through the medium of moral exhortations, and metaphysical disquisitions, and immense argumentations, and a somewhat formal and pompous style. The length of the letters is in itself a sign of the state of mind of the writers. Intense passion is never wordy; and the feelings of the Carlyles spread themselves over sheets and sheets.

* "The Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh." Edited by Alexander Carlyle, M.A. With numerous illustrations, 2 in color. 2 vols. London: John Lane. [35s. net.]

"*Pauca verba*," exclaims Carlyle himself, "*pauca verba* is the only remedy we can apply to all the excesses and irregularities of the head and heart." But he by no means followed his own precept. It is impossible for the conscientious reader not to recall, in the middle of some of these vast epistles, the phrase of Edward Irving, who, according to Carlyle, remarked, "Brethren, I lack strength," in the course of a sermon of four hours. Few explorers of these massive volumes will fail to feel during their journey that they too now and then "lack strength."

The story told by the letters has long been a subject of acrimonious controversy, and this fact is alone a sufficient reason for their publication. Now that the whole of the evidence upon which a judgment can be based has been put before the public, it is to be hoped that the controversy, which has been stale for some time, may cease. Every reader may, if he wishes, decide for himself upon the intricacies of circumstances and conduct connected with Carlyle's courtship; and in this way the correspondence will at last come to be regarded in its true light,—as a deeply interesting historical document, but nothing more. Unfortunately, the present editor has been unable to exclude from his work all traces of the controversial tone. The result is not only that the reader is constantly disturbed by angry references to Carlyle's biographer, but that a slight element of personality and uncertainty has been introduced into what should have been a purely scientific exposition of facts. One instance of this will suffice. Before quoting Miss Welsh's fine letter to her aunt, just before her marriage, containing a glowing panegyric of Carlyle—"he possesses all the qualities I deem essential to a Husband, a warm true heart to love me, a towering intellect to command me, and a spirit of fire to be the guiding star

of my life"—Mr. A. Carlyle states that this "is one of the letters which Carlyle himself selected and annotated for insertion in *The Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, and which Mr. Froude omitted." Surely it would have been fair to add that the scheme of the *Letters and Memorials* excludes reference to events prior to the Carlyles' residence in London, and that, as a matter of fact, Froude did publish the letter in the first volume of his *Life of Carlyle*. Nor is this all. Only one of Carlyle's annotations to the letter is printed in this edition, his final note, which runs as follows in Froude's version, being omitted:—

Letter read now—January 24, 1868—after a sleepless night withal such as has too often befallen latterly, cuts me through the soul with inexpressible feelings—*remorse* no small portion of them. Oh! my ever dear one! How was all this fulfilled for thee—fulfilled! !—T. C.

This note no doubt represents only a partial view of the case; but it is certainly misleading to suppress it in the very act of accusing Froude of the same fault; while it is only too clear that the reason for its suppression was that it did not fit in with the conception of Carlyle's marriage held by the editor.

From the point of view of pure literature, the best letters in the book are to be found among those of Miss Welsh. Carlyle himself cannot be ranked, even at his best, with the great letter-writers and the letters in these volumes written when his mind was still immature and his style uncertain, show him under a most disadvantageous light. The epistolary form requires aptitudes of a very peculiar nature for its successful development, and these aptitudes Carlyle was altogether without. The qualities which go to the making of an ideal letter—lightness of touch, ease of expression, brilliance which is never

forced, and amiability which is never exaggerated and never forgotten—these things were alien to the whole temperament of Carlyle. In spite of the apparent roughness of his style, he was the most literary of writers, and thus in his letters he falls into the fatal faults of stiffness and over-elaboration. "It is truly gratifying to me to contemplate you advancing so rapidly in the path of mental culture," he tells Miss Welsh. No one with an instinct for what a good letter meant could have written such a sentence. He was a great humorist, but for some reason or other, his humor seems to have slipped away from him when he sat down to fill a sheet of notepaper. He became too self-conscious, too conscientious, too anxious to deliver up the very depths of his soul, to perform what is after all the first business of a letter-writer,—that of putting his correspondent into a good temper. It is only when he begins to draw one of his inimitable portrait-sketches that he shakes off his heaviness and gives us a glimpse of the true, rich, imaginative, inexhaustible, "Titanesque" Carlyle. Here is a view of Edward Irving with his infant son at Dover:—

Oh, that you saw the giant with his broad-rimmed hat, his sallow visage and sable matted fleece of hair, carrying the little pepper-box of a creature, folded in his monstrous palms, along the beach; tick-ticking to it, and dandling it, and every time it stirs an eyelid, "grinning horrible a ghastly smile," heedless of the crowds of petrified spectators, that turn round in long trahus gazing in silent terror at the fatherly Leviathan!

Apart from such passages—and they are exceedingly rare—Carlyle's letters afford a curious contrast with those of his wife, who in her most characteristic moments can hardly be surpassed by any letter-writer in the language. Unluckily, however, it was not until Miss

Welsh had become Mrs. Carlyle that the whole force of her genius for correspondence made itself manifest. These early letters, though they are full of good things, lack the amazing sparkle and vivacity of the later examples; and as the time of her marriage drew near Miss Welsh seems to have fallen—fortunately it was only a temporary lapse—under the influence of Carlyle's epistolary manner. Such was the extraordinary power of that remarkable man that he could make, by sheer force of example, the letters of Mrs. Carlyle long-winded.

The real interest of the correspondence is not literary, but psychological; and for that very reason it is well-nigh impossible to give an adequate account of it. The fascination of the story lies not in the plot—in the mere outline of occurrences—but in the gradual developments, the shifting incidents, the doubts and difficulties and solutions,—the whole mass of spiritual detail which gives life, form, and color to a romance. It is only by following out this detail in all its windings and complexities that the reader will be able to attain to some true conception of the fundamental issues of the strange history; and his labor will have been well repaid. Nothing can be more curious to the student of human nature than to trace the process by which these singular events worked themselves out,—to watch the peasant's son among the hesitations and impediments of a profound attachment, to watch the lady ever recoiling with his advance, and then, at last, to find that unexpectedly, mysteriously, it is the uncouth genius who has triumphed, and the refined and clear-sighted woman who has come under his power. "It may be that we shall yet be a happiness to one another; that we shall live thro' this earthly pilgrimage united in the noblest pursuits, in the bonds of true love, one heart one soul one fortune; and go

down to other times inseparable after life as in it."—So Carlyle wrote when the outcome of the story was still dubious. *The Spectator*.

ous; to few indeed have such high expectations been so justly granted; to fewer still so wonderfully fulfilled.

AMERICA THROUGH EUROPEAN EYES.

The art of international appreciation is just beginning to be cultivated. The holding of international congresses, the growth of foreign investigation by Governments, the special missions of enquiry into education, the conditions of labor, hygiene, crime, drink, and other matters, and—last, but not least—the organized exchanges of teachers, now beginning to be practised by universities and learned societies, rank among the most conspicuous evidences of this art. Thus the moral isolation of nations, the greatest single barrier to a world civilization, is gradually giving way, and peoples are beginning to indulge a patriotic pride in their ability to learn from one another. But, valuable as it is for foreigners to study moral instruction in French schools, the Gothenburg system, the Elberfeld treatment of poverty, Ralflessian banks, or the Swiss referendum, this piecemeal receptivity is not all that is needed. How far is it yet possible for one people to get a true understanding of another people? and how far possible for a people to learn by foreign criticism? are far more important and more difficult questions.

A singularly interesting concrete treatment of the question is afforded by a volume ("As Others See Us": The Macmillan Co.) in which an able American, Mr. John Graham Brooks, presents in a series of dissolving views the impressions made by the United States upon a variety of European visitors during the last hundred years. The testimony of the early chapters goes far towards explaining that curious blend of sensitiveness and ostentatious

indifference with which, until recently, the best Americans regarded British opinion. For most of the visitors of eminence in the earlier formative days of the great Republic were British, and their perversity, often malignity, of judgment appears almost incredible. It was, perhaps, natural enough that ordinary English conservatives visiting the country within a few years of war should adopt the tone of the author of "Tom Cringle's Log":—

I don't like Americans. I never did, and never shall, like them. I have seldom met an American gentleman, in the large and complete sense of the term. I have no wish to eat with them, drink with them, deal with them, or consort with them in any way.

Most English visitors brought with them the profound conviction that the American experiment was doomed to ignominious failure. Here is a typical pronouncement: "With all the lights of experience blazing before our eyes, it is impossible not to discuss the futility of this form of government. It was weak and wicked in Athens. It was bad in Sparta, and worse in Rome. It has been tried in France, and has terminated in despotism. It was tried in England, and rejected with the utmost loathing and abhorrence. It is on trial here, and the issue will be civil war, desolation, and anarchy." But it was singularly unfortunate that, in an age when Americans lived intellectually upon English books, none of the well-known authors who visited the country—not even those who, like Dickens and Harriet Martineau, came

with no initial prejudice—should have shown any capacity to read, underneath the rude exterior of the life and manner which they caricatured, the great formative forces of national character. But in recording such a judgment we must not forget that Harriet Martineau, for instance, entered Boston on the very day when Garrison was being dragged through the streets by a mob "entirely composed of gentlemen." All the brutality, the brag, aggressive self-assertion, vulgarity of an improvised materialistic civilization were there, visible, obtrusive. Yet, all the same, it was not creditable to the temper and intelligence of these literary lions that they should have seen so little else, and that the magnificent energy then, as now, displayed in so many avenues of activity should have received so little recognition. Such unfair treatment naturally threw America on the defensive, and for generations almost inhibited that power of self-criticism so essential to a new nation seeking its own soul and finding its place in the society of nations. Nor was the balance adjusted by the flood of equally indiscriminate eulogy which enthusiastic French democrats poured out. Detraction and adulation alike fed a really monumental self-complacency, which found its culminating expression in that Fourth of July oratory which in the middle of the nineteenth century was really representative of the feelings and convictions of all classes of the American people. Even in his most enthusiastic mood Mr. Roosevelt could never have claimed with Mr. Everett—"Our government is in its theory perfect, and in its operation it is perfect too. Thus we have solved the great problem in human affairs." Every educated American is now well aware that he has not yet solved "the great problem in human affairs," nor does he any longer claim a complete self-sufficiency to do it. And

this changed attitude is largely attributable to the more intelligent and helpful criticism of foreigners, and a corresponding growth of power to profit by it.

So far as England is concerned Mr. Brooks traces a change of attitude to the Civil War: "England really began to respect us because of the national strength displayed in the Civil War. The enduring valor, the sacrifice for an idea, both of North and South; the tenacity of the whole people, and the ready acceptance of the result were, one and all, arguments that are finalities to practical men of Anglo-Saxon origin." Probably the extraordinary development of material prosperity has had as much to do with the more respectful attitude of foreign nations as any recognition of war prowess. Nor may we ignore the fact that the United States have been the largest field of foreign investment for surplus European capital. This has surely wrought a silent change of sentiment, for where the treasure is there is the heart also.

Upon America herself the change has worked wonders: the uneasy blend of susceptibility and arrogance characteristic of the *nouveau riche* has passed into a more sober dignity which cancels the meaning of much of the older caricatures. The old extravagances of speech and manner which Dickens and Mrs. Trollope ridiculed, and which were commonly charged against democracy, have given place to a general level of personal demeanor higher than that to be found in any European country. As Mr. Bryce well says: "Americans have gained more than they have lost by equality. I do not think that the upper class loses in grace, I am sure that the humbler class gains in independence. The manners of the 'best people' are exactly those of England, with a thought more of consideration towards inferiors and of frankness towards equals. Among the masses

there is, generally speaking, as much real courtesy and good nature as anywhere else in the world.

Some of these truths now strike in upon the casual tourist after he has passed through two stages in his career—first, the stage of particularist criticism in which the insolence of the hotel clerk and the car conductor stand out conspicuous; secondly, the stage of wholesale swift generalization, equally fallacious and more irrelevant. Fortunately, the last two decades have furnished many competent and a few profound appreciations of America from men of various nationalities, to supplement, sometimes to correct or modify, the fully informed but too indeterminate judgments of Mr. Bryce. In the masterly studies of such men as Münsterberg, de Rousier, Ostrogorski, and the forcible, quick penetration of M. Blouet and Mr. Wells, real work is done towards the interpretation of America not only to others, but to herself. Older critics chiefly discovered the defects of her democracy, and though some of the older crudities have vanished, enough still remains to make it easy for malice to draw up an indictment against a people on the score of government. "The Americans sit lightly by their arrangements" is the illuminating phrase of Matthew Arnold, and Americans are always ready to pour into the voracious visitor facts and figures of "graft," "lynching," undetected homicide, enormities of trusts, railroads, new religions, and quack remedies enough to damn the sanity of any civilized society.

But the more sober judgment of *seri-*
The Nation.

ous students of America has veered round to the view that what seems to casual visitors the crazy optimism of Americans is not so crazy as it seems. It is not a mere matter of luck that "America is always going to the devil, but never gets there." The strength of the nation is seen to lie in the abounding general vitality of her citizens, and this vitality is rooted, as de Tocqueville had the genius to recognize, in the personal dignity of manhood and womanhood which democratic institutions alone can afford. From this vitality proceed the self-reliance and the hopefulness which distinguish the "common people" of America from those of any European country, and the facile, all-pervasive humor which is at once philosophy and entertainment. The intrusive curiosity, which called forth the derisive indignation of the early literary discoverers, is shaping towards an ordered intelligence destined to furnish the largest volume of co-operative intellectual power ever devoted to the furtherance of knowledge. Last, and greatest, democracy in America yields a freer diffusion of personal good-will, an easier comradeship, a more genuine spirit of sociality, than any other nation has possessed. These are mighty moral assets for civilization, and the great issue which occupies the mind of watchers from Europe is whether they will enable America to maintain her great experiment against the new gathering of plutocratic forces threatening the Union by a lateral and not, as fifty years ago, by a horizontal cleavage.

THE HABIT OF OBSERVATION.

BY FIELD-MARSHAL SIR EVELYN WOOD V.C.

The faculty of accurate observation and of logical deduction from what is noticed may be in some persons innate, but it can be cultivated to a degree which seems almost incredible to townsmen. They seldom acquire it, or indeed try to do so, and yet to soldiers, who are now mostly town-bred, the power is useful on the battle-field, and is often invaluable to troops employed on outpost duties.

People who read Fenimore Coöper's novels and can recall his stories of the marvellous skill of trappers may have often doubted the accuracy of the incidents he describes. Such doubts are not felt by those who have seen Canadian half-breeds on a track, or have noticed Hottentots and Kafirs following a spoor (spuren) in South Africa.

A few years ago two British officers went for a month's shooting trip in the north-west of Canada, and arranged to meet two friends at the end of a fortnight. On the fourteenth day the party struck a trail, going in the same direction as their own, and one remarked to the tracker, "We must be overtaking our friends." The guide asked "Have they a baggage pony?" "No; only horses." "Then the trail is not that of your friends, for in front of us there are three horses and a pony which is blind of its near eye." At sunset, when the officers overtook the party and noticed that their guide had been correct, they asked "How did you know that the pony was blind of its near eye?" He replied "Because as it closed in on the horses it often made a false step."

This story might be capped by sportsmen of experience who have followed game in sparsely populated lands; and Lieutenant-General Baden-Powell, in his "Scouting for Boys,"

gives several instances not only of the value of training in accurate observation but also of the art of drawing sound deductions from what is observed.

Since the Franco-Prussian war increased attention has been paid to scouting in the annual field training of the Regular Army, but there is yet a great deal more to be done in it, and still more for the Territorial Forces. All officers who have trained or have supervised the training of troops will agree with this view.

One morning when I was questioning the men of a battalion recruited almost entirely from a city, to ascertain whether they fully understood the scheme of operations, it transpired from the answers of the first six men, who stated that they were expecting an attack from the north, that none of them knew where to look for the north, although a bright sun had been up for three hours!

While the lessons of costly errors in South Africa were still fresh in our minds an order was issued that during the marches of troops arrangements should be made to develop the mental powers of young soldiers by requiring them to note and afterwards describe what they had observed.

From one station cavalry soldiers were ordered to ride long distances and encouraged to report what they had noticed in passing through towns. A commanding officer so little appreciated the object of the order that instead of visiting the towns himself, in order to test his soldiers' reports, he gave each of them a book, which he directed them to get initialed by the postmasters of the towns as a proof of their having ridden the distance.

It is not surprising when some offi-

cers have so little imagination that private soldiers should be unobservant. As far as I know, the practice of observation is not taught in schools, and Charles Kingsley was the only parent I have known to educate his children regularly in this manner. I suppose of the millions who have passed through Trafalgar Square there are but few who could name the statues in it, and still fewer who could describe them.

In 1902 I adopted the principles taught by Colonel (Major-General) L. W. Parsons R.A. in a lecture on "Training the Powers of Observation," and in 1903, with the help of Surgeon-General Evatt C.B., I added the practice of visual training. Classes of soldiers were taken out and required to describe accurately the natural and artificial objects within sight, and to estimate the distances of all such within six hundred yards. The improvement in the men's vision effected after a few lessons was remarkable, and in May 1904 an important War Office paper was issued, entitled "Instructions for Judging Distance and Visual Training." After laying down that the object of all training was the development of eyesight, the instructions dwelt on the importance of accuracy in estimating distances, stating that experiments had clearly demonstrated that an error of one hundred yards either short of, or beyond a target six hundred yards off rendered ineffective, even with marksmen, two out of three bullets. Accuracy, however, cannot be obtained or maintained in the estimating of distances without constant practice, and the habit of accurate observation and logical deduction will greatly add to the effect of rifle-fire.

Although it is of course easier to practice observation in the country than it is in a city, yet even there much useful exercise is obtainable; for instance, any man walking to his of-

fice, or sitting on an omnibus, may estimate distances and check his estimates by pacing himself, or timing if he is on wheels. He will usually over-estimate the distance in a long straight street or where the object is only partly in sight; he will generally under-estimate it when snow is on the ground, when the object is large, or when the sun is behind the observer. The visual and mental horizon of townsmen may be greatly extended by such simple self-instruction.

A countryman may learn much from observing the habits of animals and birds. The following are two remarkable instances from history of the military value of such knowledge, accompanied with the practice of making sound deductions: the former instance from negative indications, the latter from positive signs. On June 8, 1857, Mr. G. Ricketts C.B. learnt at Lodiana from his assistant, Mr. Thornton, that from the Philur Fort he had seen the Jalandha brigade of mutineers, then marching towards Dehli, received as guests in the Philur cantonment by the 3rd Bengal Infantry, a detachment of which regiment held the Lodiana Fort, which is eight miles distant from Philur and on the south bank of the Satlaj. The river in 1857 ran in one main, broad, unfordable channel, with many subsidiary streams. Mr. Thornton in recrossing the floating bridge had cut away the northern end of the boats, thus severing the communication with the south bank. The Deputy-Commissioner, having ordered a force of Irregulars to follow him, rode to the bridge head and crossed over the main channel in a ferry-boat. There was still a mile of sand and water, jungle, and shallow streams between him and the northern bank of the river, a few hundred yards from which the Philur Fort stood. The boatmen now refused to follow the Deputy-Commissioner, who was wading with his trousers off, be-

cause two hours earlier they had seen several mutineers who had marched down, hoping to cross by the bridge, disappear into the high jungle when they realized that the bridge had been cut. Mr. Ricketts, while looking at the bank, observed a large black-and-white kingfisher, a shy bird, poise over the jungle and swoop down into a pool just outside it. Then, seeing several more, he said "Come on, there is no one there." "How can you tell?" "Just look at those kingfishers; they never settle near men"; and the boatmen, quite satisfied, followed him to the fort.

The positive instance occurred in 1866. The Archduke Joseph, a distant relative of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, belonged to a branch of the Hapsburgs which had been settled in Hungary for more than a century. He was the great protector of the local gipsies; whence his name "The Gipsy Archduke"; and had popularized the Tzigane music by arranging many of their tunes in scores for orchestras.

During the night, 2-3 July, before
The Saturday Review.

the battle of Sadowa, a division commanded by the Archduke, retreating before the Prussian Army, had bivouacked near a town in Bohemia facing north. At midnight the Archduke, when resting in a peasant's cottage, was awakened by the arrival of a gipsy, who insisted on seeing him personally, having come to report the advance of the enemy. The Archduke, who spoke *Romani* fluently, asked "How do you know? Our outposts have not reported any movement." "That, your Highness, is because the enemy is still some way off." "Then how do you know?" The gipsy, pointing to the dark sky, lighted by the moon, observed, "You see those birds flying over the woods from north to south?" "Yes; what of them?" "Those birds do not fly by night unless disturbed, and the direction of their flight indicates that the enemy is coming this way." The Archduke put his division under arms and reinforced the outposts, which in two hours' time were heavily attacked.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND PICTURES.

How far can photography compete with painting or drawing in the making of portraits? There are many people who will ask rather how far painting or drawing can compete with photography; for there is a common idea that the proper object of painting or drawing is to imitate reality, and that the complete imitation of reality is possible in a picture and, except for the absence of color, is achieved as a matter of course in a photograph. Yet we all know that photographs, even when taken by skilful professionals, are often astonishingly unlike the persons they are supposed to represent. Indeed, they are so often unlike that the prac-

tice of touching them up is common; not merely with the object of making them more flattering, but also with the object of correcting the errors of the camera. The very impartiality of the camera leads it into error, since it has to represent in monochrome two different classes of fact—namely, facts of color and facts of light and shade; and these facts, produced in reality by the action of light, cannot in any pictorial imitation of reality be both exactly and fully represented. The artist knows this, and in all pictorial art there have grown up different systems and traditions of compromise, not merely between the claims of color and light and

shade, but also between the claims of color and form, and of form and light and shade. And the skilful artist will choose his compromise to suit his subject, seeing which facts are most essential to each subject, and emphasizing these at the expense of other facts. But the camera sees everything and knows nothing. It takes facts both of color and of light and shade, and turns them mechanically into monochrome, which, in spite of all modern skill and improvements, often misrepresents both.

Thus the problem of the photographer is really to supply his camera only with those facts which it will misrepresent least; and it may often happen that these are not the facts most characteristic of his subject. There is a tendency in modern photography to imitate the lack of definition in impressionist pictures. This lack of definition in a good picture always has some purpose of expression, and is always suited to the subject. Thus, if a painter is mainly concerned to represent color he will subordinate form to it; for he knows that he cannot represent both with equal intensity. But if he is painting a portrait, and his main purpose therefore is to represent character, he will probably find that form is more essential to his subject than color, and he will therefore subordinate color to exact definition. Now the photographer's purpose cannot in any case be to represent color, and in a portrait it should be to represent character. Therefore an impressionist lack of definition is not suited to that purpose, and in most photographic portraits it seems to be aimless and merely to deny us facts which we should like to see. Indeed, its real purpose is not to emphasize essential facts at the expense of unessential, but to substitute a general vagueness of statement for positive misstatement. Emphasis is the essence of all art; it is what gives life

and design to every kind of pictorial statement. For the disorderly vividness of reality it substitutes something less vivid, but, as a compensation, more orderly. It forces the spectator to see what the artist has not only seen, but felt in his subject; and, at the same time, it leaves out what the artist has not chosen to see, because he has not felt it.

Certainly elimination is an important part of emphasis, but it is only a part, and the sole part which the photographer can supply. He can to some extent assist the eye of the spectator by removing unessential things from his photograph, but he cannot heighten essential things to compensate for their removal. For that can only be done by execution, and there is no execution in a photograph except what is supplied by retouching, and retouching is not photography. It is not generally understood that execution in a picture is not only a means of representation, but also a means of expression. A painter can by his method of execution heighten the significance of parts of his picture in a manner which we cannot analyze, and at the same time and in the same way he can express to us the significance of the whole. There is a rhythm of brush work in a good picture which is perfectly suited to the rhythm of the design, and which instructs the eye to rest here and to pass there, just as the ear is instructed by the rhythm of verse. So powerful is this rhythm of execution in assisting the rhythm of design that, where it is lost, as in an exact but spiritless copy of a fine picture, most of the beauty and significance of design goes with it; and often even in photographs of pictures the composition of the original suffers from the defective reproduction of the execution. But in a photograph of reality there is, of course, no rhythm of execution to enforce whatever rhythm of de-

sign there may be. There is nothing to lay a delicate stress here or to carry the eye rapidly over unimportant spaces. In fact, the whole is like a piece of music, played now softly, now loudly, but always without expression, without that mysterious emotion which the execution of a great artist communicates. Thus it is clear that a photograph cannot in any way compete with a fine portrait, and it will not be able to compete even when color photography becomes as perfect as it can be. But it does and can compete successfully enough with dull, mechanical painting; for that is no more expressive than a photograph, and indeed has a positive ugliness of execution from which the photograph is free. Every work of art that is not beautiful is

The Times.

ugly; but a photograph in itself is neither—at least it only has the beauty or ugliness of what it represents. We ought therefore to regard it, not as a rival of good art, but as a cheap and superior substitute for bad art; and so regarded it is useful enough, for it conveys information simply and easily which is only conveyed by the bad artist with a labor and pain very disagreeable to the spectator. We dislike a dull but accurate portrait because we feel that the painter of it has worked hard to little purpose, and because it lacks just what we expect from anything that is “done by hand.” But this we do not expect in a photograph, and therefore we can take pleasure in it if it represents with some accuracy something that we like to see.

IN MEMORIAM: ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

BORN 1837. DIED APRIL 10TH, 1909.

What of the night? For now his day is done.

And he, the herald of the red sunrise,
Leaves us in shadow even as when the sun
Sinks from the sombre skies.

High peer of Shelley, with the chosen few
He shared the secrets of Apollo's lyre,
Nor less from Dionysian altars drew
The god's authentic fire.

Last of our land's great singers, dowered at birth
With music's passion, swift and sweet and strong,
Who taught in heavenly numbers, new to earth,
The wizardry of song—

His spirit, fashioned after Freedom's mould,
Impatient of the bonds that mortals bear,
Achieves a franchise large and uncontrolled,
Rapt through the void of air.

“What of the night?” For him no night can be;
The night is ours, left songless and forlorn;
Yet o'er the darkness, where he wanders free,
Behold, a star is born!

Punch.

Owen Scaman.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH ON CHRISTIANITY.

Under the title "No Refuge but in Truth" (Toronto: William Tyfrell and Co.) Professor Goldwin Smith has republished some short papers, most of them in the form of letters, written by him for the *New York Sun* and the *North American Review* upon the subject of religious faith. The little book, a mere pamphlet, is well worth reading, though only indirectly can it be said to throw light upon the questions at issue. It is the picture of a state of mind, of that uncertain state of mind which is so common in these days. There is little deliberation of composition about this production of Professor Goldwin Smith's old age. It is not, perhaps, the less interesting. Expressions of hope and fear, with arguments in favor of each, follow one another pell-mell through his pages. He seems at times to question even the most fundamental of Christian dogmas, even the very existence of God; yet he clings with something of passion to the hope that Christianity is essentially true, to the hope that God is indeed as Christ revealed Him, and that death is not the end. He has been gently reproached, he says, with a leaning to orthodoxy; and he pathetically surmises that his accusing correspondents are young, and do not yet know how cheerless in old age is the agnostic position. His candor leads him, however, to defend himself against the charge. He is in no sense orthodox, he somewhat wistfully explains. The element of the supernatural in the Gospels he brushes aside without consideration. The critics, however small or large their achievements, have in his eyes abolished the distinction between sacred and profane history, and what would be incredible in the one is to him incredible in the other. Yet he cannot give up the Gospels. He finds in them

a moral ideal which he is certain the world can never get beyond, and a light in the universal gloom sufficient to save the individual from despair. By this light he believes that he can trace a beneficent plan in creation. The evidence for it is "balanced, we must, sadly admit, by much that with our present imperfect knowledge appears to us at variance with beneficence; by plagues, earthquakes, famines, torturing diseases, infant deaths; by the sufferings of animals preyed on by other animals, or breeding beyond the means of subsistence." Nevertheless, it is, he is sure, "a historical fact" that "with Jesus of Nazareth there came into the world, and by his example and teaching was introduced and propagated a moral ideal which, embodied in Christendom, and surviving through all these centuries the action of hostile forces the most powerful, not only from without, but from within, has uplifted, purified, and blessed humanity." It seems to him, he says, that "history is a vast struggle, with varying success, toward the attainment of moral perfection, of which, if the advent of Christianity furnished the true ideal, it may be deemed in a certain sense a revelation"; for, he goes on "if the Christian system is found by experience to show itself essentially superior to all other systems and to satisfy individually and socially, it is supreme, and is presumably the dictate of the author of our being, if an author of our being there is." As to personal immortality, it is evident from the first page to the last that Professor Goldwin Smith desires ardently to believe in it. The point of view of those who are satisfied to give up this greatest hope of man is, he admits, simply incomprehensible to him. Apart altogether from revelation, he asks, "is there anything in man not

physical . . . anything which gives an inkling of immortality?" He thinks there is. His last paragraph is one of hope. Something in man predicates "a higher state of being":—

Evolution may ultimately explain our general frame, emotional and intellectual, as well as physical. It may in time explain the marvels of imagination and memory. It may explain our æsthetic nature with our music and art. It may explain even our social and political frame and our habit of conformity to law. But beyond conformity to law, social and political, is there not, in the highest specimens of our race at least, a conception of an ideal of character and an effort to rise to it which seem to point to a more spiritual sphere?

There are orthodox persons, no doubt, who will read this book and still call Professor Goldwin Smith a sceptic, just as there are sceptics who will sadly put down his returning faith to the tendency of the old to go back to the notions of their youth. All old men, they will say, tend to lend credence to dogmas they once held dear.

It is absurd to deny that in old age the retrospect of life is in a manner foreshortened. The things of youth assume an undue importance, and one which in middle life they had lost. On the other hand, we do not for one moment believe that the revival of religious feeling so common in old age is to be accounted for by weakening powers. There is some circumstantial evidence for this point of view, but it is deceptive. When old men were young doubt was not in the air to the extent that it is in the air to-day. All the thoughtless and all the indifferent were accounted, and, indeed, accounted themselves, believers. The vast majority conformed not only outwardly but in opinion. The world as a whole was orthodox. It is, therefore, inevitable that an old man who becomes religious should be said to be returning to the convictions of his youth. At the same

time, there were in those days a good many people who rebelled from childhood against the rigid dogmatism of the time, who cast religion from them with a kind of mental loathing, in whom the religious instinct was crushed by the thought of the terrible God who, to quote Mr. Arthur Benson, "laid about Him" to such purpose in the Old Testament. Is it not true that life has led many of them to a very different, and often to a genuinely devout, attitude? According to the point of view we are refuting, it would be natural that they should end their lives as atheists. The truth is that in the calm waters of old age, when temptations and ambitions—those wild reaches of possibility which stretch to fame and to infamy—are shut off by the limits of the harbor, when "from fearful trip comes in the ship," an old man, as Jowett tells us in one of the most beautiful and enlightening passages he ever wrote, sees the world in new proportions:—

What was once greatly valued by him now seems no longer of importance. The dreams of love and of ambition have fled away; he is no longer under the dominion of the hour. The disappointments which he has undergone no more affect him; he is inclined to think that they may have been for his good. He sees many things in his life which might have been better; opportunities lost which could never afterwards be by him recovered. He might have been wiser about health, or the education of his children, or his choice of friends, or the management of his business. He would like to warn younger persons against some of the mistakes which he had himself made. He would tell them that no man in later life rejoiced in the remembrance of a quarrel; and that the trifles of life, good temper, a gracious manner, trifles as they are thought, are among the most important elements of success. Above all he would exhort them to get rid of selfishness and self-conceit, which are the two greatest sources of human evil

Curiously enough, an old man with narrow religious convictions is rare:—

"He would see, as Baxter saw in his old age," goes on Jowett, "that all other things come to an end, but that of the love of God and man there is no end. He would not raise questions about the rites of the Church, or the canonicity of books of Scripture: these belong to criticism and ecclesiastical history, not to the spiritual life. He would seek for the permanent and essential only in the books of Scripture, in the lives of good men, in the religion of the world. To follow Christ, to speak the truth in love, to do to others as you would they should do to you, these are the eternal elements of religion which can never pass away, and he who lives in these lives in God."

The struggle, be it bitter with disappointment or radiant with reiterated success, must concentrate the mind upon those things which, when it is over, men see to have been non-essential so far as happiness is concerned. When the strain is relaxed they take a larger view, and that even though their mental eyesight for details at hand be somewhat impaired. The more at rest the human heart is, the more does it realize the true humanity

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of Christianity, the more sane and natural does its teaching seem, the more true appear the words of St. John's Gospel, "He came to His own," to those, perhaps, who in the midst of the strife could not receive Him.

Another point which strikes us as we read this little book is the wonderful change which has lately taken place in the attitude of the sceptics. Many of them would not, of course, approach so near to faith as does Professor Goldwin Smith, but his state of mind is representative. Set aside the followers of Nietzsche—and they are fewer than one would imagine considering the attractions offered by a philosophic defence of selfishness, untainted by the moderation of the Epicureans—and who is inimical nowadays to the religion of Christ? There is a shadowy figure of a man in the New Testament who is today a type of many. "He followeth not us," said the Disciples, and they desired to forbid his good works. It is remarkable that our Lord defended him from the condemnation of His followers, and, against their judgment, pronounced him to be "on our part." It has been a sad thing for the Church that in this matter she has never been convinced by Christ.

LADIES IN PARLIAMENT.

The remarkable discussion in the House of Commons this week on the abortive Houses of Parliament Bill, which was designed to prevent "strangers" who are admitted to the galleries from being disorderly and disturbing the proceedings, recalls to mind that this is not the first time the same difficulty has had to be faced, for in the year 1738 ladies on being excluded from the House of Lords used methods to gain admittance almost as strenuous as those which led to the re-

cent closing of the galleries and the exclusion of the public from both Houses. According to one of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's witty and amusing letters, it was the Upper Chamber that took the lead in this first bold assertion of the privileges of Parliament. "At the last warm debate in the House of Lords," she writes, "It was unanimously resolved there should be no crowd of unnecessary auditors; consequently the fair sex were excluded, and the gallery destined to the sole

use of the House of Commons." Whether or not the Lords anticipated opposition is not recorded; perhaps they supposed that ladies would be as happy talking scandal or playing *ombre*, as in listening to tiresome debates or in hearing his Grace of Newcastle utter some of his famous platitudes. If so, they were curiously mistaken, for, says Lady Mary, "a tribe of dames resolved to show on this occasion that neither men nor laws could resist them." The list she gives of these bold spirits is an interesting one. It is headed by two duchesses, her Grace of Queensberry, no other than Prior's "Kitty beautiful and young" who, it will be remembered, had actually canvassed subscriptions for Gay's *Beggar's Opera* under the very nose of outraged royalty itself, and once sent an extremely impertinent letter to his Majesty George II, and the Duchess of Lancaster. Others associated in the enterprise were Lady Huntingdon, Lady Westmorland, and Lady Cobham; while Lady Charlotte Edwin, Lady Archibald Hamilton and her daughter Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Pendarvis, the friend and relative of Mrs. Delany, and Lady Saunderson made up the rank-and-file of this determined and formidable band.

"I am thus particular in their names," says Lady Mary, "because I look upon them to be the boldest asserters and most resigned sufferers for liberty I ever read of." By which we see that the heroines of our own day, whatever else they may claim for themselves, cannot lay the flattering unction to their souls that they are original in their aspirations. Nor are their methods largely dissimilar from those of their eighteenth-century sisters. Listen to the story as it unfolds itself under Lady Mary's graphic pen. "They presented themselves at the door at nine o'clock in the morning, where Sir William Saunderson respectfully in-

formed them the Chancellor had made an order against their admittance." Bold Sir William! Have not luckier men won lasting fame and reward for less valor? For consider; he stood alone before eleven valiant spirits and *one of them was his wife!* At this juncture who was to play the part later enacted by Mirabeau in the very teeth of the Court minion De Brézé? It is the Duchess of Queensberry who leaps forward to the attack; she, "as head of the squadron," actually "*pished* at the ill-breeding of a mere lawyer" (the words are Lady Mary's) and, surely this is something of an anti-climax, "desired him to let them upstairs privately." But Sir William was not only determined but, one fears, somewhat short-tempered, for although he began "by some modest refusals," he suddenly had recourse to bad language, swearing "by G— he would not let them in." In those spacious days even Duchesses very often gave as good as they got, and we need not therefore be very surprised to find her Grace of Queensberry answering "with a noble warmth" that "by G— they would come in, in spite of the Chancellor and the whole House." This recalcitrant spirit seems to have been too much for the long-suffering Sir William Saunderson, who thereupon, throwing off further responsibility, reported the matter to the House of Lords. The Peers, recognizing no doubt that none but strenuous measures would avail, "resolved to starve them out," and "an order was made that the doors should not be opened till they had raised the siege."

What follows might well apply to not dissimilar doings in our own day: "These Amazons now showed themselves qualified for the duty even of foot soldiers; they stood there till five in the afternoon, without sustenance, every now and then playing volleys of thumps, kicks, and raps against the door, with so much violence that the

speakers in the House were scarce heard." But also, as in our own day, the legislators were not to be "frightened by such false fires." It was obvious that where force and noise could not effect the desired end, nothing remained but cunning, and to this the two Duchesses, "well apprised of the use of stratagems in war," had recourse; they commanded "a dead silence of half an hour." Is it to be wondered that the Chancellor thought they had relinquished their design? They were women and had been silent for thirty minutes! He gave orders for opening the door, when lo! "they all rushed in, brushed aside their competitors, and placed themselves in the front rows of the gallery." We are not told whether chains and padlocks were brought into use, but Lady Mary *does* record that "they stayed there (in the gallery) till after eleven, when the House rose, and during the debate gave applause and showed marks of dislike, not only by smiles and winks (which have always been allowed in such cases), but by noisy laughs and apparent contempts; which is supposed the true reason why poor Lord Hervey spoke miserably." "Sporus, that thing of silk," as Pope apostrophizes him, was in sooth never a debater, and was far better used to the sedater surroundings

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of a royal palace than the thrusts and parries of political opponents. Is it then to be wondered that he spoke badly, with a number of "new women" jeering and laughing above his devoted head?

As we know, at a later date, the disabilities against ladies listening to the legislative work of the country were remitted, and behind the famous *grille* those who wished to, could sit in a sort of dignified Turkish seclusion. Recently, however, the tactics of 1738 have been so effectually revived by a few individuals, that authority has had no option but to close to all and sundry the privileges of listening to debates and of seeing how our law-givers comport themselves when engaged on the onerous duties of governing the country. Is it too much to hope that the spectacle of titled ladies, who certainly should have known better, creating a disturbance in the year of grace 1738, without any effective result whatever, save the short-lived triumph of laughing noisily and showing "apparent contempts" for a few hours, will not be thrown away on their sisters of to-day, who should surely recognize that nothing is to be gained by such methods but the contempt of even those whose sympathies may not be wholly yet alienated? In any case *absit omen*.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Gen. Charles King's soldier heroes are always good company, and to enter one of the posts which are the scenes of most of his stories is to come into an atmosphere in which, although there may be wrong-doing, foolishness or weakness the spirit of West Point is dominant, and so powerful that in the end the wrong is made right and the dark is made light, according to the Bertram prophecy—with a variation.

"Lanier of the Cavalry" is no exception to this rule, and the Lieutenant who is its hero and his brothers of the service are a gallant company. The veteran colonel whose slow wits cause at least half the trouble in the story is innocent of wrong intentions and the real sinners are civilians or otherwise disqualified for perfection, as it is counted in the army, and so the reader ends as he begins with full confidence in the au-

thor. The Boston woman who understands the soldier and the Indian even as she once understood the freedman and his tyrannical old master, figures in the tale, of course. J. B. Lippincott Company.

Mr. H. Addington Bruce's "The Romance of American Expansion" has eight heroes, Boone, Jefferson, Jackson, Houston, Benton, Fremont, Seward and McKinley, and each has a chapter and a portrait. Reproductions of historical paintings, a picture of the capitol of republican Texas and portraits of Stephen Austin and of the Admiral further illustrate the volume. The story of each degree in expansion is independent of all the others in the relation, and may be read or studied separately if it be thought advisable, and all are written with remarkable fairness and impartiality. The style is spirited and attractive and in every way admirable. The chapter entitled "Hints on Further Reading" indicates the best works on each stage of expansion and is a valuable addition. Possibly a good map showing the comparative size of Giant America and the Old Thirteen might be useful, but any very young reader unaware of the proportion will find it impressed upon him by those ingeniously instructive phrases which Mr. Bruce constructs in masterly fashion. Moffat Yard & Co.

While society assumes a more sternly retributive attitude towards the defaulter, the novelists are growing sentimental, blaming the honest for the dishonesty of the thief, declaring that his mental suffering should cancel his sin of inflicting pain upon others, and otherwise showing traces of reaction against the stern virtue of the early novels of finance. The result is favorable neither to art nor to morality, although in many cases the plots are at least as good as those devised by

less amiable authors. Miss Florence Finch Kelly's "The Delafield Affair," for instance, never relaxes its hold upon the reader's attention in spite of its implied pleas for mercy on the man who has ruined scores and deceived hundreds, and remains unrepentant although remorseful. He is pursued by the son of one of his victims, plots his assassination with calm sagacity, and to the moment of his death has about as much tenderness for any one but himself as might be displayed by a coyote. His sole claim to favor is that industry and perseverance, which the tender-hearted Scottish lady perceived in "Auld Nickle Ben," and hard headed Yankees will decline to weep over the grave for which the last chapter qualifies him. The hero is a well-drawn figure and the background of ranch scenes and cowboys is pleasantly free from exaggeration. A. C. McClurg & Co.

Mr. Charles Frederick Carter's "When Railroads Were New" is a work which should have been written long ago, for it describes the beginning of agencies which have severely taxed man's capacity for growth, and have forced him to develop so rapidly that his new powers even after a growth of eighty years in this country and a still longer period in Great Britain, still wear occasionally the guise of masters rather than of servants. Only by comparison with electric vehicles and air-ships, and the various new rays and waves, does steam seem physically tamed, and its moral and spiritual effects are still uncontrolled, if one may believe the scientific men who talk of speed-mania and speed-degeneracy, and the psychologists, and theologians and novelists who study man as affected by swiftly gathered wealth. Mr. Carter does not trouble himself much about these matters, but presents the cheerful aspect of the subject, the

courage of the first locomotive-builder, of the first track layer; the brilliancy of the ingenuity which sought a score of ways to effect novel tasks, and accomplished wonders by means now seen to be pitifully inadequate, but surprising in their day. In the later time, in the last forty years, he does indeed come upon achievements putting an enormous strain upon character, but as he tells their story one sees their best side, that of splendid, determined courage. From first to last, the chronicle abounds in excellent anecdotes, and Mr. Carter tells them well, but he gives so many dates and figures that the work at once takes its place as a necessity in all reference libraries. Those who like good stories may read it; those whose trade or profession connects them in any way with railways must read it. Henry Holt & Co.

The subjects of the first three volumes of the excellent "French Men of Letters" Series could not have differed more widely, each from the other two, had they been chosen solely for their diversity, but the fourth volume brings Sainte-Beuve, who differs from all three of his predecessors at least by as many degrees of the circle as separate any two of them. Sainte-Beuve had tried all three, Montaigne, Balzac and Rabelais, in his balance, and for the very large class of readers to which his judgment was final, had determined the place of each, but to all but his compatriots, and perhaps to many of them, his own case offers infinite difficulties. At best, a critic must be judged by the substance and form of his criticisms and as Sainte-Beuve took the literature of many languages for his province, the volume of evidence is so bulky that years of study hardly suffice for its examination. The tracts of thought, feeling, and experience outside the exercise of his calling have hardly been considered by

foreigners, and more than one French writer straying among them, has lost his view of the critic without gaining a clear vision of the statesman, or the historian. Thus it has happened that although admired and even revered he has not been widely understood, but this volume deprives all readers of English of any excuse for this default. Here Professor George McLean Harper has studied Sainte-Beuve minutely, origin, education, growth, changes and aberrations, letting his criticism fall into its proper place as the chief vehicle of expression of a many sided nature; which under different conditions might have assumed a very different character, but could never have been insignificant. To his other literary work Professor Harper gives generous space, carefully setting forth its value and merits, and explaining Sainte-Beuve's career as a statesman with sometimes excessive consideration for his reader's possible ignorance of French affairs. Carrying into politics the gift of analysis that had served him so supremely well in literature, Sainte-Beuve's judgments of men and affairs often surprised, but were almost invariably justified by events, and the closing chapters of his life are even more instructive than those in which his name and fame were made. This biography is invaluable to readers of every class, and it is not its least recommendation that its author never insists upon his own judgment. Even in the case of the Port Royalists, for whom his esteem is very great, he does not conceal the qualities which make some of them absurd to observers unable to see why any single man should insist that the world must accept his privately conceived additions to Christian belief and practice, and at the same time regard him as perfectly orthodox. Professor Harper sets a high standard for his successors in the series. J. B. Lippincott Company.